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ARBITRATION is a fine-sounding word. The difficulty with arbitration as a solution of industrial disputes is that there is no accepted code or common understanding of what "justice" means. In practice arbitration settles down to reference of a dispute to some supposedly neutral individual or group of individuals, and the settlement is in fact a precipitation of his prejudices. Almost inevitably, as things are today, such individuals—supposed to represent "the public"—are men who have arrived, men of wealth and position whose sympathies, associations, and prejudices class them with the employers rather than with workers. A "minimum standard of living" is a mere text-book phrase to them, not a vivid daily agony. Then, too, such arbitrators are not unmoved by political considerations. In 1920 Secretary William B. Wilson acted as arbitrator in the coal industry. His economic expert recommended an increase in wages of 27 per cent; overnight, apparently for political reasons, someone reduced the figure to 17 per cent. That memory still colors the miners' picture of "arbitration." To them the word means not impartial settlement, but a political club.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT'S intervention puts a new face on the situation. This issue of *The Nation* must go to press before the question: Strike or no strike, is settled, but a new optimism already seems justified. Gifford Pinchot's personality and record are very different from those of Calvin Coolidge, and therein lies the hope. Naturally the miners distrusted arbitration if the arbitrators were to be appointed by an open-shopper who boasts of strike-breaking even if the claim be a myth. (It has been amusing to watch this Massachusetts "strong man" flinch in the face of his first serious problem.) Governor Pinchot is another type of man; he is not afraid to tackle a hard job, and he is not primarily a politician.

A PACE grows the new American crime of lese majeste. Now Lord Birkenhead has transgressed because he, a Britisher, has dared to cross the seas and beard us in our den with some criticisms of Woodrow Wilson—for which he is solemnly taken to task by a former Wilsonian office-holder and charged with unblushing "impudence." Now, for Lord Birkenhead we have no use whatever. He has always been a mischief-brewer and trouble-maker. He was one of those who stirred up Ulster the year before the war with the express purpose of warring on his own government if need be. As to whether his remarks before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown were true or untrue, tactful or unwise, there will be great differences of opinion. But has it really come to such a pass that a distinguished—or, if you please, notorious—foreigner may not come to this country and express his honest judgment about an historical figure who already, historically speaking, belongs to the past? It is bad enough to have President Coolidge and his Cabinet exalted as beyond criticism merely because Mr. Harding died in office. But, thin-skinned as we Americans are, we shall surely make fools of ourselves if we stir up an international rumpus over the words of a British politician. His criticisms of Woodrow Wilson are the same that have been voiced by millions of Americans. They will stand or fall by their truth. If they are unfounded they will soon find their way to oblivion.

SHOOTING Klansmen is no way to combat intolerance and bigotry. However sinister the influence of the white-robed fraternity, its own methods must not be used against it. Klansmen have a right to hate Jews, Catholics, and Negroes; they even have a right to parade, to make speeches, and to hold meetings in the hope of spreading their disagreeable doctrines—even though it is absurd to hear these lynchers and floggers claiming civil rights for themselves. Liberals who detest the race-hatred propaganda of the Klan will do well not to forget that free speech is meaningless unless it applies to those with whom we most violently disagree. Mob violence is a bestial thing even when its victims are Klansmen. It is possible to force the Klan into daylight—there is no reason why men who wish to parade should not be made to show their faces, or why the identity of Klansmen who get into trouble should be concealed. The authorities of Carnegie, Pennsylvania, are reported refusing information as to the identity of the Klansmen injured in the riot there. "Well known men are reported to be among them." If Klansmen believe in the Klan they should court publicity rather than thus play the coward. Klansmen carrying arms should be arrested and disarmed and their names should be made public, as would

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be done with common criminals. The Klan is a disgrace to America; but the disgrace would be deeper still were its own methods adopted to combat it.

WE are heartily in accord with the proposal of the *American Legion Weekly* that there be called at once an international conference to limit the military use of aircraft, and we are the happier to say so in view of the fact that we so rarely agree with the Legion's policies. Like the *Legion Weekly*, we want nothing more than the ending of international competition for military supremacy in the air, for, as we have repeatedly pointed out, if this senseless race continues another war is as inevitable as the World War was after the naval competition between England and Germany got under way. The one success of the Harding Administration was the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. President Coolidge's opposition to the Legion's project is hard to understand. One might expect the Republican leaders to jump at the chance to take another spectacular step forward just before the Presidential campaign, and we sincerely trust that the *Legion Weekly* and all its cohorts will use their great influence to move him in that direction. But with one of the doctrines of the *Weekly* we must heartily disagree. It declares that if no such step is taken the United States must enter the aircraft race. That is absurd. It recalls Woodrow Wilson's saying that if we did not join the League of Nations we must have the largest navy on earth. There was a way out of that and there are several alternatives to the United States squandering treasure and engaging on so senseless a policy as rivaling England and France in the air. Meanwhile, to the crusade of the *American Legion Weekly*, all possible success!

THE formal ratification on August 17 of the two important treaties negotiated at the Washington Conference ought in itself to suggest to Secretary Hughes and President Coolidge the desirability of acting on the proposal of the *Legion Weekly*. While we were and are very doubtful of the Four-Power Pacific Treaty, we cannot but feel that the other marks a distinct step forward. In this we are aware that we differ from other liberal editors who have, from the beginning, taken the stand that it was not worth the paper it was written on. We are aware, of course, that the battleships which are to be scrapped were obsolete anyhow, and we are not unaware that a most dangerous naval competition is now going on in scout cruisers, aircraft carriers, submarines, destroyers, and other light ships. Yet the ending of the battleship competition between England, Japan and the United States is a great step forward. It is half a loaf, if you please, but in these days when all the great nations are acting like senseless, drunken cowboys and some of them are doing their best to bring on another general shooting-up of the world, it is certainly a cause for gratitude that the international rivalry in battleships, constantly fanned by the press, has come to an end. No one can deny that the talk of war between the United States and Japan has all but faded out since the Conference was held. As for our relations with England, one of the most important causes of friction we dwelt upon in 1921 in our series of articles entitled No War With England, the competition in battleships, has been removed, and another, the war in Ireland, has been mitigated. Again, for this much progress, all gratitude.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S interview with the Washington correspondents on amnesty was surprisingly open-minded. He stated that he did not believe that any man should be kept in jail for mere opinion, although men guilty of overt acts of hostility against the government should be punished. If he will hold to that ground the I.W.W.s still in jail will be released. Despite the ignorant resolutions of Legion posts and rotary clubs the record shows that these men are in jail for "crimes" of opinion and nothing more. Senator Pepper's careful study of their cases has brought him, a thorough conservative but fair-minded, to that conclusion—he even goes so far as to urge that unconditional pardons be granted them. May the President keep his pledge even though it carries him further than he expects!

GREAT BRITAIN is now approaching, with anxious concern, a fourth winter of serious unemployment. The numbers on the unemployed registers had steadily declined from 1,823,700 in January, 1922, to 1,185,000 at the time of the Parliamentary debate of August 1, 1923. A recent cablegram, however, reports a turn in the wrong direction, bringing the present total up to 1,212,000. It is generally recognized that the official figures understate the gravity of the situation, for many out-of-works, disappointed at the failure of the labor exchanges to do anything for them, have taken their names off the books. The statistics, moreover, do not take into account the growing army of workers who have been placed on short time. What makes things worse is the progressive exhaustion and demoralization of those who have been victims of the trade depression for a long period. The plans contemplated by the Government do not profess to provide work for more than 200,000 persons directly and 100,000 indirectly, so by the time they are in operation they will probably leave a million or so out in the cold. There are to be extensions of the existing Exports Credits scheme and the Trade Facilities Act, and further grants are to be made to local authorities to encourage them to start work on useful enterprises, the subvention being more generous when the work provided is not revenue-producing. In complaining of these proposals as hopelessly inadequate the Labor Party is supported by the influential body of employers known as the House of Commons Industrial Group. Both alike have put forward constructive suggestions of their own on a much larger scale. But not even the boldest plans can be more than palliatives as long as, to use the Prime Minister's metaphor, the Ruhr knife-blade remains thrust in the watch of international trade and prevents its wheels from revolving.

CHAOS is a mild word for it. What the collapse of the mark does to German daily life cannot be realized in the comfortable normalcy of America. Take the daily newspapers as an example. The German dailies long ago renounced annual subscriptions; the price had to be changed each month. On July 24 the Association of German Newspaper Publishers increased the daily rates and announced monthly subscription prices for August. On July 27, the mark having meanwhile plunged again, it made the extraordinary announcement that the newspapers could no longer accept monthly subscriptions. The price would have to remain open, subject to change from day to day. The Post Office took the same step, refusing to fix rates ahead. The

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cost of a single copy of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, raised to 2,500 marks on July 24, jumped to 5,000 marks on July 29, to 6,000 on August 1, to 10,000 on August 5, and to 30,000 on August 12! Amid such chaos the normal economic life of the nation simply disintegrates.

FROM the *Crisis*, of which Dr. DuBois is the brilliant editor, we take the following delightful and truthful analysis of the state of mind of the Southern press concerning the Negro exodus from that section of the country:

We have carefully read a sheaf of white Southern papers and gleaned the following facts concerning the continued migration of Negroes:

1. No Negroes are leaving the South save a few of the ne'er-do-well floaters.

Negroes are leaving daily by the tens of thousands.

2. The South is glad to see them go.

The South is going to stop their going.

3. Cotton and Southern agriculture are threatened with ruin.

The migration is the best thing for the South.

4. The Negro loves the South.

The South has lynched 4,000 Negroes and will lynch others when it pleases.

We are certainly glad to get this clear outline of fact on which to base our own conclusions.

PRIZE fighting is brutal, says the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is trying to create a public sentiment for its suppression, "especially in the army and navy." Well, such a public sentiment existed once. Ten years ago it was legally impossible to arrange a prize fight in the United States in any except a few States popularly regarded as renegades. That was in the day when there was also a strong public sentiment against another form of fighting for prizes, known as war. When the United States entered the European massacre the churches, for the most part, put into cold storage their doctrine against human slaughter, and it was natural that they should do likewise with a peccadillo like prize fighting. Indeed, the Young Men's Christian Association and other religious bodies did their best to foster pugilism among our service men. Springing from that time, there has been a great reversal in public sentiment, and prize fighting (now usually sweetened under the term professional boxing) has become more than respectable; it has become fashionable. The Methodist Episcopal Church may find that it is harder to put up the bars than to let them down. Certainly the last place where the suppression of the sport should be demanded is the army and navy. If it is legitimate to support and train a force of man-killers, surely it is reasonable to let the individuals knock each other about a bit to relieve their boredom while waiting for the final coup from poison gas, bayonet point, or high-explosive shell.

MAXIM GORKI'S bitter arraignment of his own people, printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, will come as a shock to many. To others it will bring a flash of revelation. We have been so drenched in sugar-coated romanticism about the "Slav soul" and the "simple mujik" that we have lost our bearings. Outbreaks of cruelty in Russia have been treated as new phenomena and laid to immediate causes—whereas the history of Russia is a long story of sinister cruelty. The war, of course, and the consequent breakdown of government, gave an outlet to brutal passions that had been repressed and hidden in the soil. That new village literature of which Gorki speaks may, perhaps, be compared with the new literature of our own Middle West. The post-war period has brought disillusioned truth-telling in every country. Some of Sherwood Anderson's stories reveal depths of repressed animalism where we had been taught to see only the pioneer virtues of the frontier, and a new world literature supplants the glowing color of post-war chronicles with a dull gray.

AT the mature age of three and a half years "Baby Peggy" of Los Angeles is beginning what will probably be the most important—and possibly the only—work of her life. Her parents have signed a contract according to which, instead of playing with dolls and sucking her thumb, "Baby Peggy" will spend the next three years posing for the movies at a salary—so the newspapers report—of $1,500,000 annually and a bonus of $500,000. Infant prodigies in all ages have made handsome earnings, but never before was there anything so infantile and so prodigious as this. Most persons count themselves lucky if they can retire at sixty on a few thousand dollars. "Baby Peggy" will be able to retire at six with five million! Possibly the salary has been inflated by the press agents, but, supposing it were only a tenth of what has been reported, she would still have enough to keep her in dresses, automobiles, lipsticks, and other necessities, with something left over for the luxury of a Paris divorce, if needed. It is a splendid vista—for Baby Peggy's parents. As for the little "film star" herself, probably it doesn't matter now, but fifty years hence she may wish she had spent the time playing with dolls and sucking her thumb.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN will be remembered affectionately by thousands of readers, and undoubtedly her books will be read by thousands more who are yet unborn. Her modestly distinguished place in literature is secure. Before she was a writer she was a kindergarten teacher, and she organized the first free kindergarten for poor children on the Pacific coast—she was more proud of that and of her books on education than she was of her fiction. From her experiences with children, in school and out, she drew her adorable youngsters, Timothy, Patsy, Rebecca, and the rest. She portrayed the happiness of childhood, with its touch of pathos, but she was too sane and honest to descend to pollyanna gladness. Her grown people, who appear as the mothers, fathers, and aunts of her heroes and heroines, are shrewdly observed, and she had a keen knowledge of the New England folk among whom she lived. But she seldom touched the deeper motives of which adult fiction is made. When her friends advised her to write a novel, she said: "I don't know how; I can just write my kind of stories." Her kind is quite her own, original and charming. The first of her books, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," has a touch of Dickens, but only because Dickens had preempted Christmas as his private holiday. For thirty years the head of the American family has been sure that Mrs. Wiggins's next book was one that the children must have so that he could read it himself. Within her quiet limits her work is admirable; it is natural and amusing in substance and written in sound simple English. Wholesome is the right word for her if we cure it of its moralistic connotation, as she did, with the salt of humor.

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Should the United States Occupy France?

THE logic of M. Poincaré's reply to the British Government is that the United States and Great Britain should at once proceed to a joint occupation of Bordeaux, le Havre, and Cherbourg, in order to make France pay her debts to them. It would not matter whether France could pay—the debt was legally contracted; while France has on occasion repeated her promise to pay she has given no evidence of any serious effort to make good her promise; she has not suggested methods of payment; and it would therefore be our right to seize the ports and collect what we could, even though all France and ourselves were ruined in the process. That France and other nations might think the process illegal would matter no whit more, for the debt is a sacred debt, consecrated by the blood of our sons who died in France, and we could not submit such a debt to arbitration or adjudication.

This sounds wild, but it comes very close to being a paraphrase of the latest Poincaré note. It is even somewhat more moderately phrased. The note abounds in flat contradictions of Lord Curzon's statements. "We have never been vague," retorts Poincaré to Lord Curzon's inquiry as to the meaning of a vague phrase. He seems to think it a sufficient reply to a reasoned argument to say that the English statement is "entirely inexact"—which is a strong word in French. When Lord Curzon says that French statements "can only be interpreted as an intention to remain in occupation of the Ruhr for a number of years which . . . may be extended indefinitely, if not in perpetuity," and, quoting the language of the League Covenant, adds that he "cannot believe that the French and Belgian governments will be able to reconcile the opinion of the world to indefinite maintenance of so perilous a situation," M. Poincaré replies: "We protest once more indignantly against the hypothesis that France desires to annex the Ruhr or remain there. The British Government threatens us with an appeal to the League of Nations as if there were danger or even the possibility of war. We cannot for one moment allow such discussion of our actions." This is the language of a peevish small boy; it is the diplomatic equivalent of "You lie" and "Shut up." This is mere invective and oratory—especially when in the same note he asserts his "resolution not to renounce the pledge we hold (the Ruhr) until reparations are paid in full" and admits that "the capacity for payment of Germany today is equal to zero."

If the British press finds in such a note a "conciliatory spirit" and hope for future agreement it can only be because the British Government has requested it not to disturb negotiations by too frank comment. There is no conciliation in Poincaré's 12,000 words, and the only hope for agreement which he holds out is based upon surrender to the French point of view. It must indeed be gall and wormwood to Lord Curzon and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, but M. Poincaré's reply says in substance "I don't care what you think, for I hold the Ruhr and can get along without you," and their decision to return to the method of secret diplomatic conference can mean only a desire to camouflage defeat. Cuno is out of office; unemployed or underpaid mobs are rushing through German streets; the mark has dropped out of sight; and France hopes to profit by the ruin she has wrought.

In the mazes of these incredibly long notes which France and England have been exchanging it is easy to lose the thread and to forget with what the negotiations are concerned. It is well to look back. The discussion really centers about the German offer, in their note of June 7, to accept the Hughes proposal of referring the question of Germany's capacity to pay to a commission of neutral experts. Germany offered unequivocally to accept the findings of such a commission. England attempted to win France and Belgium to an interest in the offer. They refused even to reply to it, and rejected, even as a basis for discussion, the British draft of a proposed joint note. On August 11 Lord Curzon replied in the long note arraigning France which was immediately made public. It is to this long note that Poincaré has just replied in a still longer message.

Lord Curzon began by what would seem to be the axiomatic remark: "There can be no use in demanding *from* Germany more than she is capable of paying." M. Poincaré replies reiterating "our resolution, a hundred times expressed, not to renounce one centime of our reparations claim." Lord Curzon complained of the method hitherto followed in assessing Germany's capacity to pay. The Reparation Commission, he said, "has become in practice an instrument of Franco-Belgian policy alone," and he preferred a neutral commission on which would sit experts representing not only the Allied countries but also the United States, the neutrals, and even Germany. To question of Germany's good faith in accepting the report of such a commission he replied in these significant words, which condemn past British policy as violently as France's:

> An undertaking freely entered into because acknowledged to be just and reasonable stands in practice on a different footing and offers better prospects of faithful execution than an engagement subscribed to under compulsion of an ultimatum and protested against at the very moment of signature as beyond the signatory's capacity to make good.

Those are true words, and while they hit the record of Lloyd George as much as or more even than that of Poincaré they cut to the very root of Poincaré's complaint that the Germans have not kept their word in the past.

"What Germany's maximum capacity for payment may be is a matter which should be determined by impartial inquiry into the facts," said Lord Curzon. "To ask for more than Germany's maximum capacity cannot assist in the actual recovery of reparations; it can only destroy assets which Germany can offer to the Allies." And to this the French Premier replied in words which contradict his own past: "We did not go into the Ruhr to find immediate money for reparations but above all to create in the German Government a wish to pay and to seize guaranties." In that, surely, he has most lamentably failed. Germany was never less disposed to pay. And meanwhile, in Poincaré's own words, Germany's "capacity for payment is provisionally reduced to zero." He thinks it impossible to evaluate today Germany's potential capacity. But how else can the world get on? France is demanding that Germany once more pledge the impossible and says she will not let go her stranglehold on the Ruhr until Germany has paid it. She will not allow discussion of her right to hold the Ruhr, she will not permit impartial assessment of Germany's

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capacity to pay, she will not reply to Germany's note, she will not pay her own debts or discuss payment of them. Could a mad dog be madder?

There is a sentence in Poincaré's note which is both hypocritical and revealing. "France has never repudiated her debts and will not repudiate them," he says in a note which virtually repudiates them, "but she is convinced that no British Government will ever bring to bear upon an allied country the pressure which the British Cabinet does not think it possible to bring to bear today against the former enemies of England and France." It sounds like a threat not to pay. We hope that England and the United States never will use such pressure against France as France is today using against Germany, but in that sentence M. Poincaré admits that his own logic would justify us in occupying France to force her to pay.

A Naked Challenge

"THE audience realized, with appropriate gasps, a few moments after the curtain had risen, that the girls of the ensemble were entirely unclothed from the waist up"; "they saw one young woman wearing nothing except a slender piece of chiffon draped rather carelessly about her hips, and twenty-five other young women with nothing on above the waist except a still more slender bit of chiffon." These are descriptions of the latest Shubert revue in New York from the pens of the critics of the *Times* and *Herald*, respectively. It is universally agreed that for daring this show surpasses anything ever produced on the American stage; that what was deemed possible only in Paris, Berlin, or Bucharest has come to pass in New York.

We submit that this is a direct challenge to the censors and to the authorities. Especially is it a test of the sincerity of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which, under the leadership of Mr. John S. Sumner, has made itself particularly obnoxious by proceeding against various publishers of works of art and literature. Will these gentlemen concern themselves with this play and inquire what the authorities propose to do about it? If this show is permissible, and so responsible a press critic as Heywood Broun says it is, we can hardly justify rigid lines against serious literature. Moreover, it will not have escaped the vigilant Mr. Sumner that Mr. Broun reports that not in his entire career as a theatrical critic has he seen so long a queue of ticket-purchasers as that before the Shubert theater.

We are the more moved to inquire why this show is unchallenged because we are still indignant at the conviction of the manager and the actors in Sholom Asch's "God of Vengeance" for the production of what was from the point of view of conventional ethics one of the most effective of moral plays. Despite a blemish or two in the acting, the "lesson" of the piece was such that it merited the hearty approval not only of the vice suppressors but of every Sunday-school teacher and of every John Roach Straton. It was the story of a father who kept a house of prostitution, upon whom descended the vengeance of the gods, in the form of the prostitution, under his own roof, of his cherished and carefully protected daughter. Yet for some reason or other it was determined to make an example of this company. They were convicted on the testimony of two ordinary policemen, all expert opinions being excluded, and received severe though suspended sentences. Among the theatrical men who gave interviews to the New York *World* when the conviction took place were the Shuberts. Here are their words: "No salacious play should be presented on the American stage. Anything that tends to lower the standard of public morals *should never be produced.*" Yet these sanctimonious moralizers are now coining untold dollars out of the openly displayed nudity of twenty-six women. From the scribes and the Pharisees, good Lord, deliver us!

The "God of Vengeance" case was the more remarkable because during the previous winter there appeared at a New York theater a play called the "Demi-Virgin" as to whose unfitness for production the police were quite agreed. They made many gestures and threatened every sort of thing, the least being the closing of the show. But the play continued to the end of its run and is now appearing in our provinces; the police pretended that they had no statute which exactly covered such a play. This raises the question in our minds whether the power and influence of the producer have not something to do with the case. "The God of Vengeance" was not put on by influential members of what is known as the theatrical trust, but by little known people who were, it might be said, amateurs in the business. Upon them the might of the law, voiced by an unlettered police private, fell heavily. "As far as could be learned," says the *Herald* of the Shubert production, "no police officials saw the production." The Shuberts are rich and powerful; they are of the mightiest on the New York Rialto. Does their position place them above the law? Is their play a proper exhibition? Or is all the talk of censorship but another bit of our inborn, but none the less disgusting, Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness, combined with a toadying to the rich and powerful? We eagerly await the answer to this question by the Sumners, the district attorney, and the police commissioner.

"The Men of the Trees"

BOY Scouts have become common sights along the highways of America. We see them everywhere in straggling, dusty little bands, carrying packs and luncheons, with handkerchiefs around their necks. They swarm on outgoing ferryboats and commuters' trains on Sunday mornings. They wig-wag from hilltops and camps along the dusty edges of the towns. Whatever may be the aims of the Boy Scout organization or its power for good or evil, it has added a recognizable feature to the American landscape—a feature as common as signboards along a railway line or radio aerials on the housetops.

And so, although we know the movement is not indigenous nor limited to the United States or even to the civilized world, we read with a certain incredulity about the rapid growth of the Watu Wa Miti—the Boy Scouts of Kenya in the dark interior of East Africa. A special correspondent of the London *Times* reports the development of this organization with a certain prosaic solemnity, oppressed apparently by no sense of the humor or the romance of his story. The Scouts (the literal translation of Watu Wa Miti is "Men of the Trees") were first organized by officers of the forestry department to help in reforesting areas which had been stripped by the natives in the process of clearing the land for cultivation. Each member swears to the high God, N'gai, that he will plant ten trees a year and take care of all trees. He wears the green and white emblem of the

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organization on a leather strap attached to his wrist—a custom strongly suggestive of the style in which loyal members of American college fraternities are said to wear their pins while in the bath tub. The green of the emblem represents the forest; the white, a pure heart. Like their khaki-clad American brothers, each member is pledged to do one kind act a day, but, if he positively cannot think of any, he may plant several trees instead. "This act was allowed to count as a good deed, although at the same time the natives were told that it was not necessarily the best kind of good deed, and they must search their own hearts to find other things to do."

"Although the movement has been organized on Scout lines," continues the *Times* correspondent, "it does not interfere with tribal customs; rather it makes use of the best of them for furthering the aims of the organization. At the native dances, songs descriptive of tree-planting and tree-lore have been substituted for the old meaningless chants." Shades of Batouala! What will Nordic enterprise not attempt? Do the Scoutmasters teach these dark children of the forest how to start a campfire with a single match? Do they give instruction in the language of signal fires—those immemorial symbols of warning or invitation or appeal? Perhaps they tell the Kenya Scouts about the ways of wild animals and impart bits of woodland lore. Or, perhaps, the forestry officials may only be using the natives' love of ritual and association—common, it seems, to men of all races and degrees of education—to help preserve the forests of the Kenya colony. This strictly practical purpose may excuse a certain amount of absurdity. And if they can induce their dark-skinned subjects to sing songs about trees instead of their "meaningless" chants, the proprieties, at least, may be better preserved at African dances than we have been led to expect. The movement may be admirable, intelligent, serious. And yet it is hard not to smile at the strange vision of a noisy, pushing American schoolboy in his Scout uniform and his blue handkerchief, and beside him a stripped, black-skinned African with a green-and-white badge on his bare wrist—both earnestly seeking to perform one kind deed before the sun sets.

Literature Flourishes

THE word masterpiece when not used by reviewers in their intellectual teens is uttered with bated breath and is accompanied by the mental image of a drama or epic in verse, of great length and of considerable antiquity. That image is by no means as inept as the militantly unacademic would have us think, for the greater number of the authentic and ultimately tested masterpieces of literature are indeed of the character described. But care must be taken not to let this undoubted fact overshadow the present or blur the future. It does seem more and more that Matthew Arnold was right when he declared that imaginative prose was destined to be the characteristic art of the modern world. Once this is granted the picture changes. The academic tradition permits few even among practiced and thoughtful readers to be aware of the glories amid which they live. But to say of a book: "It's only a novel," is saying nothing at all. So is "Tom Jones"; so, after all, is the Odyssey.

Strip the word masterpiece of preconceptions; grant our period its characteristic mode of expression. At once it begins to glow. For it opens with Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," a work that literally made an epoch. We are all the disciples and imitators of that extraordinary sage and creator who wrote: "Someone should do for morals what that old Pecksniff Bacon has obtained the credit of having done for science." That is what every modern novelist who is worth his salt is trying, consciously or unconsciously, to do; that is the sum and substance of the great dealings of Bertrand Russell—another mighty name—with the art and science of human life. But let the philosophy go if you can—though all great literature is philosophical at core and by necessity—and still "The Way of All Flesh" remains one of the major stories in our speech.

We are a little doubtful of "Old Wives' Tale." "Clayhanger" on rereading seemed both a little thin and a little gritty after the opening chapters. We are not at all doubtful of that astonishing and still neglected masterpiece—yes, masterpiece—called "Of Human Bondage." Somerset Maugham has written many clever and some brilliant things. His plays, novels, sketches, will be remembered because he wrote "Of Human Bondage." It is a very long book and we wish it longer. It is a bare, unadorned record of life. It is quiet, sad, rich—quiet as the earth, sad as the very core of mortality, rich as the lives and fates of men. You lose yourself in it; you are rapt by it from your personal world and fate; yet you are in the end brought more profoundly home by it to both and to the whole of man and nature and human life.

Does "The Forsyte Saga" rank below "Of Human Bondage"? The question is not a fruitful one and will be answered according to mood and temperament. It suffices that "The Forsyte Saga" too is great—great in its suaver, subtler, and less naked manner, great in breadth and richness of delineation, in wisdom and insight and unforced beauty of speech. And we should like to ruffle the inveterate praisers of time past by saying that for these three books we should gladly give up the whole of Balzac. And yet these are but three books published within a quarter of a century in a single language and of a single kind. We could go to the Continent and add the sovereign lucidity and depth of Thomas Mann, the valiant creative speech of Romain Roland, the exquisite, glowing patterns of Ricarda Huch. We could go to the drama and to lyric verse. But in the latter especially there would be obscuration and doubt.

America has produced no masterpiece that equals any of the three mentioned. It would be foolish not to admit that. But if some Charles Lamb of the future were to gather, not specimens from Elizabethan dramatists but specimens from the American novelists of our period, those specimens would have to run to many volumes and would outshine in every quality that makes great literature except the management of verse any conceivable selection from the Elizabethan or Jacobean playwrights. Beside the "Death of Hurstwood" the most poignant scenes by John Ford would lose edge and pathos; the mighty quarrel between Lee and Fanny from "Cytherea" would equal in energy and vitality and truth any comparable writing of former times; Mr. Babbitt's address before the Zenith Real Estate Board would leap for comparison beyond the age of Shakespeare to that of Swift. Yet these are but three examples where we might have cited thirty. The world seems to be disintegrating politically and economically. Literature flourishes. We are not, at least, living in an inarticulate age. There is comfort in that.

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The Cruelty of the Russian

By MAXIM GORKI

CRUELTY is something which I have never in all my life been able to understand and which has always disturbed me. Where are the roots of human cruelty? That is a problem upon which I have meditated a long time but which I have never understood. Some time ago I read a book which bore the suggestive title: "The Progress and Evolution of Cruelty." The author, after carefully choosing facts to prove his thesis, tried to show that as the human race progressed men tortured each other physically, spiritually, and still more sensually. I read this book with disgust; I did not want to believe the things it told me, and I hastened to refute its paradoxes. But now, after the terrible madness of the European war and the bloody episodes of the Revolution, these bitter paradoxes have more than once returned to my memory.

Yet it seems to me that there is no evolution in Russian cruelty. Its forms do not seem to change. A chronicler reports in the beginning of the seventeenth century that in his days they practiced in Russia tortures such as these: they put powder in a victim's mouth and then set it afire; they pierced women's throats, inserted ropes in the wounds, and so hung them. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they did the same things in the territories of the Don and the Ural; they inserted dynamite cartridges into the victim's body and then made them explode.

In Russian cruelty one feels a diabolic ingenuity, as if it were a question of something exquisite and delicate. One cannot explain it by the words "psychic abnormality" and "sadism," which really explain nothing at all. I sometimes wonder if it is not a product of excessive alcoholism, but I tell myself that the Russian people are not more poisoned by alcohol than the other peoples of Europe, although it is possible that the mind of the ill-nourished Russian peasant is more poisoned than in other countries where men have more food and more varied food. It may be, too, that the favorite pastime of those who are not illiterate in the villages—reading the lives of the martyrs—has an influence upon the origins of the ingenious Russian cruelty.

If cruelty were only a psychological perversion of the individual I might refrain from speaking of it for it would be a subject rather for the psychiatrist than for the historian. But I see before me whole groups of men enjoying human torture. In Siberia soldiers of the Red Army taken prisoner were put head first into trenches dug in the earth. The legs were left free, and the trenches were filled little by little, while the spectators watched the convulsions of the legs to see which victim had most resistance and would be last to die of suffocation. In the Government of Tambov Communists were nailed to trees, a yard above the ground, by the hands and the left foot, and the torments of these miserable creatures thus irregularly crucified excited surprise and curiosity. . . . [Incidents too horrible for translation are omitted.] I could recall many more such horrors, but they are so terrible that I think it wise not to mention them. Which is more cruel, the Reds or the Whites? Probably one is as bad as the other, for both are Russian.

I believe that in no other country of the world are women treated as pitilessly and terribly as in the Russian villages; perhaps no other country boasts such popular wisdom as is expressed in the following proverbs: "Beat your wife with the butt of your gun; then lean over and listen—if she still breathes she is joking and needs more blows." "A woman is twice beloved: the day of her marriage and the day of her death." "There is no law for women and beasts. The more you beat your wife the better your soup will taste."

Hundreds of such aphorisms containing the fine flower of centuries of popular wisdom are current in Russian villages. Young girls are brought up on them; these proverbs are their school. And the young girls, too, are beaten with equal ardor. I once studied the records of the Moscow courts for the decade 1901-1910; I was struck by the enormous number of outrages upon young girls and of all sorts of other crimes with minors. Beating is a favorite pastime in Russia and it matters little whom one beats.

I have asked persons who took an active part in our civil war if they were not disturbed by mutual massacre. No, not at all. "He has a gun, I have a gun, we are equal. It makes no difference. We will kill off a few and then there will be more room on the earth."

I once had a very curious reply from a soldier who had taken part in the European War and who is now in command of a considerable body in the Red Army: "Civil war," he said, "is nothing. It is international war, fighting strangers, that hurts the soul. I tell you frankly, comrade, it is easier to kill Russians. We have so many of them and our property means so little. You set a village on fire; what then? One day or another it would burn of itself and, after all, that is our business, like military maneuvers. But when I put my feet on Prussian soil at the beginning of the war, God! how I pitied that people! What villages, what cities, what farms! What magnificent things we destroyed without even knowing why! It was really shameful; I was almost happy when I was wounded. I had suffered so much because of the abominable vandalism. Later, they sent me down to the Caucasus in Judenich's army. There we fought Turks and other black-skinned people. Fine men, very poor, always smiling without any apparent reason. And we fought them when they smiled. One could not help pitying them. They all had their tasks, their families . . ." He who told me these things was humane after his fashion. He treats his soldiers well and they seem to respect him. He likes his military profession. I tried to give him some idea of Russia and of its importance in the world. He listened to me for a moment pensively, smoking a cigarette, then seemed bored, and said with a sigh: "It is true. Russia was an exceptional force, an extraordinary force, but now, in my opinion, it has become a country of fools!"

A scientific expedition which worked in the Ural region in 1921 reports that a peasant made the following simple request to its members: "You who are educated
tell me what I ought to do. A Bashkir k
cows. Naturally I killed the Bashkir, a
which belonged to his family. Will I
stealing it?" When they told him
being punished for killing a
"That is nothing. Men are che

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incidents show that homicide has become a simple and banal affair, the result of civil war and brigandage.

It seems to me that the war has made many men like him and that the leaders of innumerable bands unconsciously have the same psychology.

It is hard to deny the character of the pogroms. The fact that the anti-Jewish pogroms were permitted by the evil idiots who represented public authority justifies nothing and nobody. In permitting pillage and massacre of Jews, these idiots certainly did not recommend that hundreds of the pogrom-makers should cut the breasts of Jewish women, kill children, or drive nails into Jewish skulls. These bloody atrocities were due to the initiative of the masses.

Where, then, is that good and meditative Russian peasant, devoted to truth and justice, of whom nineteenth-century Russian literature gave the world so beautiful and so convincing a portrait? I sought and sought for such a man in the Russian villages when I was young, but I did not find him. On the contrary, I found an opportunist Russian, rather shrewd, who, when he had got what he wanted, could play the part of a simple-minded soul magnificently. He was not born stupid and knows it very well. He has composed melancholy songs, and cruel and vulgar stories, and invented thousands of proverbs which contain the experience of his harsh life. He knows that the mujik is not stupid, but that the community is stupid. He says that one should fear men rather than devils. He has not too high an idea of truth: "Truth doesn't fill your stomach." "The honest man is as dangerous as an imbecile."

He has thousands of such sayings and knows how to use them. He has heard them repeated since babyhood, and from infancy the conviction has been establishing itself in him that in them are revealed many austere and bitter truths, that they have much irony for him and much point for others. He does not think that other people, particularly the city people who meddle in his affairs, have anything to do with his soil, which is literally soaked with his sweat and his blood. He loves that soil with a mystic love. He firmly believes that in it is something of his own flesh. Although made of his blood, that soil has been stolen from him by a ruse.

The mujik has been idealized in Russian literature by the populist school because that literature used him for political propaganda. But toward the end of the nineteenth century the literary point of view toward the village and the peasant clearly showed a change. It became less compassionate and more honest. Anton Chekhov was the first to mark this change with his "In the Ravine" and "The Mujiks."

At the beginning of the twentieth century appeared a series of novels by Ivan Bunin, the best of contemporary Russian writers. His "Conversation in the Night," his story called "The Village," magnificent for its stylistic beauty and its rude sincerity, have built up a new, critical conception of the Russian peasant. They say in Russia that Bunin, because he is of noble birth, gives a prejudiced and hostile picture of the mujik. That is not true. Bunin is an excellent artist, nothing more. But we find in contemporary Russian literature even more serious and more impressive documents upon the coarse obscurantism of the village. There is, for example, "Youth," a novel by an intelligent peasant from the Province of Orel, Ivan Volny. There are the stories by the Moscow peasant, Semen Podiachev, those of the Siberian peasant, Vsevolod Ivanov, an extremely promising young writer. One cannot suspect them of preconceived hostility for the group to which they are related by blood and from which they are not yet detached. The fact is that they know and understand, better than others, the life of the peasant, the vulgar sorrows and joys of the village, its intellectual blindness, and its psychic cruelty.

Washington: A Capital Without a Thunderer

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WASHINGTON is beyond doubt a difficult newspaper field. Unlike the other great capitals, it has been merely the seat of the national government and not until comparatively recently has it even taken on the outward aspects of an impressive residential city. A dozen years ago its fashionables never shopped except in New York or Baltimore; today its shopping district impresses. Only within the last twenty years has it been discovered as a delightful winter resort for retired civilians or the idle rich who are beginning to play such a part in its social life. It is wholly without the great industrial plants usually to be found at a seat of government. The war gave it, of course, a tremendous impulse in every direction, and, despite the extra homes built in the war years, it is still building new apartments at an amazing rate. But aside from governmental activities, Washington yet bears many [illegible] small town; it is surely the only capital of [illegible] which does not have its own orchestra or [illegible]nt theater or even an attractive resort [illegible] and hear fine music of an evening. [illegible]nces the press of Washington has [illegible] provincial; it has not represented the national interests centered in the District of Columbia, but has mostly busied itself with the local small-town gossip and happenings. Its intellectual level has, over a long period of time, been that of the bulk of its poorly salaried constituency. Even to get a survey of all the national news originating in Washington, one has had to buy a New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore daily.

Situated at the very fountain-head of our national government, the Washington press has thus been without a national stamp. It has not even reflected adequately the cosmopolitan character of the District's population, which comes not only from every State, but, one might say, from every county in the Union. In a city full of diplomats, the editorial writers have, until recently at least, always been abysmally ignorant of foreign affairs. In the whole history of the District no single editor has made his mark through a local newspaper, so there has been nothing to draw especial attention to the Washington dailies. The journalistic prizes within the District have been held by outsiders—or men originally outsiders—who were sent to Washington to represent the rich, the virile, and the influential journals of the country. The Washington corre-

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spondents, not the local newspaper men, are the journalists who have influenced the political life of the capital. They are the ones whom the politicians read eagerly, of whom they stand in awe, especially those whose duty it is to keep the folks back home informed as to what Congressman X and Senator Y are doing.

The influence of the District upon its own press has been doubly and trebly unfortunate. It is bad enough that the army of office-holders is a dull and deadening clientele; the fact that there is such a preponderance of politicians or political appointees has made the papers politically timid despite the absence of local elections and candidacies. The thought has been never to offend the powers that be. Their patronage was needed and you never could tell whether an Administration would succeed itself or not, or be succeeded by one of its own kind. Sometimes one could in the past read a Washington paper for months, yes years, and not be able to guess its politics.

Still another reason for the timidity of the Washington press lies in the District's form of government. It is ruled in the last analysis by Congressional committees composed of Representatives and Senators temporarily in public life and drawn from all over the country. Their interest in the District is of the slightest, but from them come the appropriations and upon the appropriations depends the development of the city. Now the real-estate business is the chief industry of the District. In real-estate progress, therefore, the newspapers have a large stake. Hence they are slow, indeed, to criticize or oppose anybody in Congress who is or may be a member of the District Committee. The papers are also likely to be quite legitimately interested in civic developments whose fate rests upon their editors being on good terms with the men upon whose favor a given enterprise wholly depends. This is one of the most interesting examples we have of indirect control of a press, not by any open or avowed action, but by fear lest it say something which would prevent it from obtaining a perfectly legitimate and aboveboard revenue.

If the influence of big business is far less potent in Washington than elsewhere, the pressure to conform according to Main Street is just as great, if not greater, not only by reason of the overweening influence of the Federal Government, but because the bureaucrats do not like attacks upon the government which furnishes them their existence, and because there is no such hide-bound conservative in all the world as your retired civil official or retired army or navy officer. I have often wondered if the World War was not more welcome to the long-established Washington papers than to anybody else in the profession, for they could then at last afford themselves the luxury of being partisans, of being really outspoken—about the Germans—without hurting advertising or circulation, while at the same time standing in more than ordinarily with the Government. What a relief it must have been to them to let loose some of the pent-up feelings of decades!

Again the difficulties of the Washington newspaper publisher have been immensely increased by the early delivery in his territory of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York papers. There is no absolute necessity for subscribing to the Washington *Post* or *Evening Star* when one can have the admirably newsy Baltimore *Sun* or *Evening Sun*, with their far greater recognition of the fact that there is a world outside the District of Columbia, unless one is determined to have the little local news items of the capital. The government clerks rightly feel that they cannot be without the *Star* because of the departmental news it contains, the obituaries of local worthies, the notices of entertainments and lectures. But it is not only the clerks who read it; there are many streets in which the *Star* is subscribed for at practically every house. It has built its great success by being the house-organ for the District. To be such a local mouthpiece is a legitimate and useful function; it is, of course, incompatible with the exercise of other than a local influence.

The *Star* has been singularly fortunate in having as its editor Mr. Theodore W. Noyes, whose tastes and interests have happily coincided with what was the line of least resistance for the newspaper to follow. A fine character, a high type of gentleman, profoundly interested in all local enterprises, no one in the District is more beloved by the older set than Mr. Noyes. It is in the popular mouth that, if you can get your case before Mr. Noyes, justice will be done you. He is believed to be kindly and fair, so kindly that the editorial page suffers from it as well as from other editorial influences which make it intellectually without distinction and politically worthless. If it goes into political matters it does so with a careful balancing of both sides, the familiar "on-the-one-hand" and "on-the-other-hand" type of editorial, which impresses the thoughtless, hurts nobody's feelings, advances no cause an inch, and does not even add to the gaiety of nations. An issue in the beginning of April, 1923, is characteristic in its editorial page headings: "Another Judge Needed"; "The Silver Spring Tornado"; "Flowers Blooming"; "Facilitating Traffic"; "Sugar Profiteers"; "Art Lights"; and "The Tight-Wad." One must go far, far into the rural regions to some country weekly to find editorial writings of a more kindergarten nature than these; they lack only expression in words of one syllable to be really classic. As an example, here is the philosophy of that tornado;

> The tornado which struck Silver Spring is the first nearby phenomenon of this kind to happen in the Washington area in many years, and it is hoped that we may be spared another visitation for an indefinite time. The longer the time the better. That this short but severe windstorm did not do more damage is a matter to be thankful for. Some persons were injured, but none was killed, and reports indicate that the injured will get well. Most winds of this kind play strange pranks. In the news of nearly all cyclones we get narratives of one house blown to splinters and of another within a few yards escaping undamaged, not because one house was stronger than the other, but because the wind did not strike it. A big tree, survivor of a century, will be uprooted and a nearby tree will not have a twig disturbed. It is not uncommon to read that while a house was smashed its occupants escaped. Some details of a similar nature are to be read in the account of the Silver Spring storm. The people of the village and the closely settled neighborhood about it have much to be thankful for. Though it was thrilling enough to satisfy an exacting taste for thrills, it might have been a great disaster.

Fortunately Washington survived not only the tornado but this editorial. That on the vital question of the price of sugar is a restatement of the news, winding up thus sapiently: "The public has no means of ascertaining the facts, but it believes that the government has such means. Senator Smoot says he hopes that the investigation of the increase in the price of sugar will be vigorously prosecuted by the government and the blame placed where it belongs. So say all of us." These are not unfairly chosen nor un-

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characteristic examples of an editorial policy intended to arouse no antagonism, but to make much money comfortably with a minimum of trouble, exertion, and ruffling of other people's feathers.

On questions bearing on the government of the District the *Star* can at times become almost excited and carry on laudable campaigns by daily articles. Mr. Theodore Noyes is entitled to the highest praise for his services on behalf of the public library, of the development of fine arts, and of civic affairs generally. The colored people trust him as they do no one else in the District's public life. In fact, the *Star* is really an institution, and in its care of its employees is beyond praise. It not only provides the usual, or rather the unusual, sick benefit and pension funds, but also maintains a dental clinic, an Evening Star Club for its employees, and other useful associations for the advancement of its men and women workers. The management's annual banquets to its employees are attended by the President, the Cabinet members who happen to be in town, and half of the Senate and the House; yet there are no speeches and only professional entertainment, with the exception of a few jokes. It is accepted by the newspaper fraternity in Washington that a job on the *Star* is equivalent to a government pension, since nobody is ever dismissed from this daily. Idyllic as this seems, it does not add to the efficiency of the *Star*, which is reputed to carry not merely dead wood, but employees of the type who lack energy and ambition and are content merely to hold their respective jobs. This condition is intensified by the fact that there are a number of proprietors represented in the active management. Five sons of these owners have recently been introduced into the business, which fact not only discourages the other employees but necessarily gives rise to the charge of nepotism and of putting men in places of responsibility who cannot be held accountable in accordance with the ordinary rules of the game. Besides Mr. Noyes, his brother Frank B. Noyes, the president of the Associated Press, represents the Noyes family interest in the direction of the *Star*. No other American newspaper of which I know has so much direct proprietary control or so much hereditary management.

That means, however, that the pressure upon the paper to earn money for them all is very great. For years, however, extraordinary financial results have been achieved; gossip puts the annual profit at considerably more than $1,000,000—some say $2,000,000. Indeed, it is believed to stand among the ten best newspaper money-makers in the United States. It is, however, beyond direct control by its advertisers. If news is omitted, if things are overlooked, if unpopular causes are ignored, if the aspirations of the masses outside of the local governmental field are neither understood nor interpreted, the fault lies with the limitations of the owners, their conception of the function of their newspaper, and their lack of intellectual courage. They are handicapped, too, by their social surroundings. Being personally popular and attractive, they are much invited into the social life of the capital, and every newspaper man knows how difficult it is to criticize or to appear to criticize those by whom one is invited and those whom one meets in the houses of one's friends or at the club billiard tables.

The pressure to make money and be up-to-date now shows itself in the appearance of the *Star*. Long one of the most beautifully printed of American newspapers, with dignified type, excellent make-up, fine paper, worthy and tasteful headlines, it has become a typographical hodge-podge, without its old beauty and distinction. It will spend much money for news and features and special correspondence—it subscribes to the excellent foreign cable service of the Chicago *Daily News*—and it is giving more attention to national political happenings than ever before. But newspaper men are careful to turn to its last page as well as its first, for the most important political news-story of the day is quite likely to be buried in the back of the paper.

The *Star* for all its intellectual vacuity has had dignity and worth. One could hardly have said this a couple of years ago of the rest of the District press. The Washington *Post*, founded in 1877, after a long and undistinguished career has come into the hands of Edward B. McLean, son of John R. McLean, widely known as owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the most powerful Democratic daily in Ohio. The large role played by Edward McLean as a friend to the Harding Administration was one of the inexplicable things in connection with that regime. Mr. McLean, who is usually credited with a past, but not so often with a future, was appointed chairman of the committee which was to have conducted the Harding inaugural ball. The ball was soon dropped, ostensibly for reasons of economy, but there is widespread belief that the choice of the chairman to guide it also had much to do with the abandonment of this function. Mr. McLean, despite his great wealth, is not and never will be popular in Washington, which cannot get over its wonder that any President could be on terms of intimacy with him. Certainly it cannot have been with any desire to propitiate the owner of the Washington *Post*. Just as the *Enquirer* owes nothing to Edward B. McLean for its long-established influence and reputation as one of the most remarkable news-gathering dailies of the country, so the Washington *Post* has gained nothing in moral character from its present owner. It must be admitted that a change has come over it, that it has waked up, that it did play a powerful role during the fight against the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations, not merely by its editorials, but also by the tremendous propaganda carried on through its news columns. It demonstrated then that a cause ably served by a daily could make a real impression upon the District public.

Indeed, it cannot be denied, that, as already stated, the news columns—not the editorials—of the Washington *Post* do influence the Congressional mind. Lord Northcliffe once remarked that of all the American newspapers he would prefer to own the Washington *Post* because it reaches the breakfast tables of the members of the Congress. Frequently the better and more honest reports of some of the New York dailies do not offset the impressions conveyed by the first page of the *Post*. The McLean management has played upon this advantage very skilfully, placing upon its first page the signed articles of certain writers, obviously propagandists, who are, some of them, without the respect or trust of the members of their own profession. Indeed, of no other newspaper have I heard the Washington correspondents speak so unfavorably. They despise, dislike and distrust it; to them it is not only a poison sheet—it is also a contemptible one and they question its moral integrity. To such occurrences as its sledge-hammer attacks upon the French occupation of the Ruhr they paid little attention while the public wondered whether great significance should not be attached to them, owing to the

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McLean comradeship with President Harding. Incidentally, its recent publication of a long list of the prominent clients of a recently arrested Washington bootlegger has been severely criticized. In the crowd in which Edward McLean moves this is regarded as distinctly unclubable behavior.

At present the Washington *Post* is in full cry after the general pack of newspapers, indulging in all the current newspaper fads, such as a pink sporting supplement, "humorous" pages, comic supplements, picture pages, etc. Like all the Washington papers it specializes in society news, and nowhere else is personal gossip so eagerly read, because of the official character of the city and its constant entertaining. In the advertising field the *Post* finds that its chief rival is the *Evening Star* rather than its morning competitor; on Sundays when the *Star, Post,* and *Herald* all appear the competition is very keen. After attempting to be his own managing editor for a while, Mr. McLean has now called to this place Mr. John J. Spurgeon, the able newspaper man made free by his release from the editorship of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. It is too early as yet to tell what he will be able to accomplish, but if certain improvements are already noticeable it is somehow impossible to conceive of his having a free hand or being able to accomplish anything lasting under the present erratic ownership. One point of interest remains. Unlike the *Star,* the *Post* has never sought to cultivate intensively the local field. Will it do so now, or will it try to increase its influence in the national sphere?

There remain in the Washington field the two Hearst newspapers, the *Herald* in the morning and the *Times* in the evening. They are typical Hearst newspapers, peas out of the same pod, typographically ugly and messy, with all the usual Hearst standardized features. The *Herald* is too new a Hearst purchase to make it possible to judge what its flair and its influence are going to be. So far neither of this pair is exerting any political power, but the *Times* has shown a steady growth without affecting the circulation of the *Star,* which in its slow but steady progress reached 95,492 in March, 1923, for the daily, and 98,242 for the Sunday. The *Times* has climbed to 62,555 and is supposed to be showing a comfortable balance sheet. What I have already said about the Hearst papers in other cities* applies to these two of the tribe. Their influence in no wise corresponds to the noise they make nor to the readers they draw.

Finally we come to the tabloid *News,* also an evening publication and one of the latest creations of the Scripps-McRae, or Scripps-Howard League as it is now called. It, too, has the characteristics of its group, although it has not been able to devote itself so much to labor questions as have its sisters of the Scripps family because of the absence in the District of any large group of factory workers. As usual, Mr. Scripps is stooping to conquer; his motto is that one must first have a paper before it can be toned up, so he stoops to the trivial and sometimes to the vulgar. The appeal of the *News* to the masses has been so successful that it now has a readership of some forty thousand. One may pick it up of an evening and find that it has given its whole front page to the marbles championship of the District, and then one may find on the inside extremely valuable and important information not to be obtained elsewhere.

Whatever the defects of the Scripps syndicate its papers are at least forward-looking; they are often on the side of the under-dog and they know what liberalism means. They are usually an oasis in a desert, and for all its defects, and its trivialities, for all its stooping for circulation, the *News* under the editorship of William B. Colver, chairman of the Federal Trade Board under Woodrow Wilson, is the one hopeful note in the Washington situation. Observers feel that the *News* is already influencing the other papers in certain directions as, for instance, when it printed its exposure of Attorney General Daugherty. Nothing on earth would have made the *Star* undertake anything like that, but it had to take notice when the *News* blazed the way. It is the only paper in Washington which has really a sincere and consistent understanding of what the whole fight in America is about, as contrasted with the momentary glimpses (so often dimmed by the owner's personal ambitions and insincerities) which mark the Hearst press.

Finally we come to the question whether it would ever be possible to have in Washington a really national newspaper. I am often asked whether a great daily giving a most careful survey of the government's activities as well as the news of the world would not have nation-wide influence. I cannot say that such an experiment would be successful. There is needed a weekly journal which could give to the large mass of officeholders throughout the country, postmasters, lighthouse-keepers, army and navy officers, members of territorial governments, consuls and ministers abroad, interesting, well-written factual accounts of the progress of the government. That weekly would necessarily have to be in the nature of a trade journal and would have to be fairly inexpensive because your distant officeholder is not a rich man. Certainly he could not usually afford to pay the $12 required for a year's subscription to a first-class daily newspaper.

To attempt to create in Washington a great daily with complete abstracts of the doings of Congress and news of the government's departments as well as the news of the District and the news of the world would require an enormous sum of money. A Rockefeller or a Ford could do it, but few if any others. There is, however, always the possibility of the appearance of a genuine newspaper personality, a man with something to say and the ability to say it that marked Godkin and Dana and the senior Samuel Bowles. Should such a man appear, his personality and ability could, of course, lift his paper into the front ranks of American dailies, make it respected, admired, and feared by the politicians, and gradually extend its influence far beyond the confines of the District. But such a newspaper ought to be in a position to make enemies. If it should have to consider local advertisers and District influences, it could not fulfil its task. It must be independent and it must, above all else, have something to champion.

Meanwhile, a foreign visitor, coming to Washington to study the institutions of our great country, may take up the capital's three evening papers, only to find the first page of one devoted exclusively to the championship in marbles, and that of another to the fact that a young widow has shot a wealthy man who jilted her. Turning to the third he may be regaled by reading the editorial announcement that the government has the means of getting at the sugar facts and that the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la, are happily at their task of beautifying the capital. What matters it, at the seat of the nation, that the world is in a turmoil and that civilization totters in Europe?

* See *The Nation* of March 28, 1923, William Randolph Hearst and His Moral Press.

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These United States—XXXVII*

NEBRASKA: The End of the First Cycle

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

THE State of Nebraska is part of the great plain which stretches west of the Missouri River, gradually rising until it reaches the Rocky Mountains. The character of all this country between the river and the mountains is essentially the same throughout its extent: a rolling, alluvial plain, growing gradually more sandy toward the west, until it breaks into the white sand-hills of western Nebraska and Kansas and eastern Colorado. From east to west this plain measures something over five hundred miles; in appearance it resembles the wheat lands of Russia, which fed the continent of Europe for so many years. Like Little Russia it is watered by slow-flowing, muddy rivers, which run full in the spring, often cutting into the farm lands along their banks; but by midsummer they lie low and shrunken, their current split by glistening white sand-bars half overgrown with scrub willows.

The climate, with its extremes of temperature, gives to this plateau the variety which, to the casual eye at least, it lacks. There we have short, bitter winters; windy, flower-laden springs; long, hot summers; triumphant autumns that last until Christmas—a season of perpetual sunlight, blazing blue skies, and frosty nights. In this newest part of the New World autumn is the season of beauty and sentiment, as spring is in the Old World.

Nebraska is a newer State than Kansas. It was a State before there were people in it. Its social history falls easily within a period of sixty years, and the first stable settlements of white men were made within the memory of old folk now living. The earliest of these settlements—Bellevue, Omaha, Brownville, Nebraska City—were founded along the Missouri River, which was at that time a pathway for small steamers. In 1855-60 these four towns were straggling groups of log houses, hidden away along the wooded river banks.

Before 1860 civilization did no more than nibble at the eastern edge of the State, along the river bluffs. Lincoln, the present capital, was open prairie; and the whole of the great plain to the westward was still a sunny wilderness, where the tall red grass and the buffalo and the Indian hunter were undisturbed. Fremont, with Kit Carson, the famous scout, had gone across Nebraska in 1842, exploring the valley of the Platte. In the days of the Mormon persecution fifteen thousand Mormons camped for two years, 1845-46, six miles north of Omaha, while their exploring parties went farther west, searching for fertile land outside of government jurisdiction. In 1847 the entire Mormon sect, under the leadership of Brigham Young, went with their wagons through Nebraska and on to that desert beside the salty sea which they have made so fruitful.

In forty-nine and the early fifties, gold hunters, bound for California, crossed the State in thousands, always following the old Indian trail along the Platte valley. The State was a highway for dreamers and adventurers; men who were in quest of gold or grace, freedom or romance. With all these people the road led out, but never back again.

While Nebraska was a camping-ground for seekers outward bound, the wooden settlements along the Missouri were growing into something permanent. The settlers broke the ground and began to plant the fine orchards which have ever since been the pride of Otoe and Nemaha counties. It was at Brownville that the first telegraph wire was brought across the Missouri River. When I was a child I heard ex-Governor Furness relate how he stood with other pioneers in the log cabin where the Morse instrument had been installed, and how, when it began to click, the men took off their hats as if they were in church. The first message flashed across the river into Nebraska was not a market report, but a line of poetry: "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The Old West was like that.

The first back-and-forth travel through the State was by way of the Overland Mail, a monthly passenger-and-mail-stage service across the plains from Independence to the newly founded colony at Salt Lake—a distance of twelve hundred miles.

When silver ore was discovered in the mountains of Colorado near Cherry Creek—afterward Camp Denver and later the city of Denver—a picturesque form of commerce developed across the great plain of Nebraska: the transporting of food and merchandise from the Missouri to the Colorado mining camps, and on to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. One of the largest freighting companies, operating out of Nebraska City, in the six summer months of 1860 carried nearly three million pounds of freight across Nebraska, employing 515 wagons, 5,687 oxen, and 600 drivers.

The freighting began in the early spring, usually about the middle of April, and continued all summer and through the long, warm autumns. The oxen made from ten to twenty miles a day. I have heard the old freighters say that, after embarking on their six-hundred mile trail, they lost count of the days of the week and the days of the month. While they were out in that sea of waving grass, one day was like another; and, if one can trust the memory of these old men, all the days were glorious. The buffalo trails still ran north and south then; deep, dusty paths the bison wore when, single file, they came north in the spring for the summer grass, and went south again in the autumn. Along these trails were the buffalo "wallows"—shallow depressions where the rain water gathered when it ran off the tough prairie sod. These wallows the big beasts wore deeper and packed hard when they rolled about and bathed in the pools, so that they held water like a cement bottom. The freighters lived on game and shot the buffalo for their hides. The grass was full of quail and prairie chickens, and flocks of wild ducks swam about on the lagoons. These lagoons have long since disappeared, but they were beautiful things in their time; long stretches where the rain water gathered and lay clear on a grassy bottom without mud. From the lagoons the first settlers hauled water to their homesteads, before they had dug their wells. The freighters could recognize the lagoons from afar by the clouds of golden coreopsis which grew up

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out of the water and waved delicately above its surface. Among the pioneers the coreopsis was known simply as "the lagoon flower."

As the railroads came in, the freighting business died out. Many a freight-driver settled down upon some spot he had come to like on his journeys to and fro, homesteaded it, and wandered no more. The Union Pacific, the first transcontinental railroad, was completed in 1869. The Burlington entered Nebraska in the same year, at Platsmouth, and began construction westward. It finally reached Denver by an indirect route, and went on extending and ramifying through the State. With the railroads came the home-seeking people from overseas.

When the first courageous settlers came straggling out through the waste with their oxen and covered wagons, they found open range all the way from Lincoln to Denver; a continuous, undulating plateau, covered with long, red, shaggy grass. The prairie was green only where it had been burned off in the spring by the new settlers or by the Indians, and toward autumn even the new grass became a coppery brown. This sod, which had never been broken by the plow, was so tough and strong with the knotted grass roots of many years, that the home-seekers were able to peel it off the earth like peat, cut it up into bricks, and make of it warm, comfortable, durable houses. Some of these sod houses lingered on until the open range was gone and the grass was gone, and the whole face of the country had been changed.

Even as late as 1885 the central part of the State, and everything to the westward, was, in the main, raw prairie. The cultivated fields and broken land seemed mere scratches in the brown, running steppe that never stopped until it broke against the foothills of the Rockies. The dugouts and sod farm-houses were three or four miles apart, and the only means of communication was the heavy farm wagon, drawn by heavy work horses. The early population of Nebraska was largely transatlantic. The county in which I grew up, in the south-central part of the State, was typical. On Sunday we could drive to a Norwegian church and listen to a sermon in that language, or to a Danish or a Swedish church. We could go to the French Catholic settlement in the next county and hear a sermon in French, or into the Bohemian township and hear one in Czech, or we could go to church with the German Lutherans. There were, of course, American congregations also.

There is a Prague in Nebraska as well as in Bohemia. Many of our Czech immigrants were people of a very superior type. The political emigration resulting from the revolutionary disturbances of 1848 was distinctly different from the emigration resulting from economic causes, and brought to the United States brilliant young men both from Germany and Bohemia. In Nebraska our Czech settlements were large and very prosperous. I have walked about the streets of Wilber, the county seat of Saline County, for a whole day without hearing a word of English spoken. In Wilber, in the old days, behind the big, friendly brick saloon —it was not a "saloon," properly speaking, but a beer garden, where the farmers ate their lunch when they came to town—there was a pleasant little theater where the boys and girls were trained to give the masterpieces of Czech drama in the Czech language. "Americanization" has doubtless done away with all this. Our lawmakers have a rooted conviction that a boy can be a better American if he speaks only one language than if he speaks two. I could name a dozen Bohemian towns in Nebraska where one used to be able to go into a bakery and buy better pastry than is to be had anywhere except in the best pastry shops of Prague or Vienna. The American lard pie never corrupted the Czech.

Cultivated, restless young men from Europe made incongruous figures among the hard-handed breakers of the soil. Frederick Amiel's nephew lived for many years and finally died among the Nebraska farmers. Amiel's letters to his kinsman were published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1921, under the title "Amiel in Nebraska." Camille Saint-Saëns's cousin lived just over the line, in Kansas. Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian writer who was awarded the Nobel Prize for 1920, was a "hired hand" on a Dakota farm to the north of us. Colonies of European people, Slavonic, Germanic, Scandinavian, Latin, spread across our bronze prairies like the daubs of color on a painter's palette. They brought with them something that this neutral new world needed even more than the immigrants needed land.

Unfortunately, their American neighbors were seldom open-minded enough to understand the Europeans, or to profit by their older traditions. Our settlers from New England, cautious and convinced of their own superiority, kept themselves insulated as much as possible from foreign influences. The incomers from the South—from Missouri, Kentucky, the two Virginias—were provincial and utterly without curiosity. They were kind neighbors—lent a hand to help a Swede when he was sick or in trouble. But I am quite sure that Knut Hamsun might have worked a year for any one of our Southern farmers, and his employer would never have discovered that there was anything unusual about the Norwegian. A New England settler might have noticed that his chore-boy had a kind of intelligence, but he would have distrusted and stonily disregarded it. If the daughter of a shiftless West Virginia mountaineer married the nephew of a professor at the University of Upsala, the native family felt disgraced by such an alliance.

Nevertheless, the thrift and intelligence of its preponderant European population have been potent factors in bringing about the present prosperity of the State. The census of 1910 showed that there were then 228,648 foreign-born and native-born Germans living in Nebraska; 103,503 Scandinavians; 50,680 Czechs. The total foreign population of the State was then 900,571, while the entire population was 1,192,214. That is, in round numbers, there were about nine hundred thousand foreign Americans in the State, to three hundred thousand native stock. With such a majority of foreign stock, nine to three, it would be absurd to say that the influence of the European does not cross the boundary of his own acres, and has had nothing to do with shaping the social ideals of the commonwealth.

When I stop at one of the graveyards in my own county, and see on the headstones the names of fine old men I used to know: *"Eric Ericson, born Bergen, Norway . . . died Nebraska," "Anton Pucelik, born Prague, Bohemia . . . died Nebraska,"* I have always the hope that something went into the ground with those pioneers that will one day come out again. Something that will come out not only in sturdy traits of character, but in elasticity of mind, in an honest attitude toward the realities of life, in certain qualities of feeling and imagination. Some years ago a professor at the University of Nebraska happened to tell me about a boy in one of his Greek classes who had a very unusual taste for the classics—intuitions and perceptions in literature. This puzzled him, he said, as the boy's parents had no inter-

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est in such things. I knew what the professor did not: that, though this boy had an American name, his grandfather was a Norwegian, a musician of high attainment, a fellow-student and life-long friend of Edvard Grieg. It is in that great cosmopolitan country known as the Middle West that we may hope to see the hard molds of American provincialism broken up; that we may hope to find young talent which will challenge the pale proprieties, the insincere, conventional optimism of our art and thought.

The rapid industrial development of Nebraska, which began in the latter eighties, was arrested in the years 1893-97 by a succession of crop failures and by the financial depression which spread over the whole country at that time—the depression which produced the People's Party and the Free Silver agitation. These years of trial, as everyone now realizes, had a salutary effect upon the new State. They winnowed out the settlers with a purpose from the drifting malcontents who are ever seeking a land where man does not live by the sweat of his brow. The slack farmer moved on. Superfluous banks failed, and money lenders who drove hard bargains with desperate men came to grief. The strongest stock survived, and within ten years those who had weathered the storm came into their reward. What that reward is, you can see for yourself if you motor through the State from Omaha to the Colorado line. The country has no secrets; it is as open as an honest human face.

The old, isolated farms have come together. They rub shoulders. The whole State is a farm. Now it is the pasture lands that look little and lonely, crowded in among so much wheat and corn. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every farmer owns an automobile. I believe the last estimate showed that there is one motor car for every six inhabitants in Nebraska. The great grain fields are plowed by tractors. The old farm houses are rapidly being replaced by more cheerful dwellings, with bathrooms and hardwood floors, heated by furnaces or hot-water plants. Many of them are lighted by electricity, and every farm house has its telephone. The country towns are clean and well kept. On Saturday night the main street is a long black line of parked motor cars; the farmers have brought their families to town to see the moving-picture show. When the school bell rings on Monday morning, crowds of happy looking children, well nourished—for the most part well mannered, too,—flock along the shady streets. They wear cheerful, modern clothes, and the girls, like the boys, are elastic and vigorous in their movements. These thousands and thousands of children—in the little towns and in the country schools—these, of course, ten years from now, will be the State.

In this time of prosperity any farmer boy who wishes to study at the State University can do so. A New York lawyer who went out to Lincoln to assist in training the university students for military service in war time exclaimed when he came back: "What splendid young men! I would not have believed that any school in the world could get together so many boys physically fit, and so few unfit."

Of course, there is the other side of the medal, stamped with the ugly crest of materialism, which has set its seal upon all of our most productive commonwealths. Too much prosperity, too many moving-picture shows, too much gaudy fiction have colored the taste and manners of so many of these Nebraskans of the future. There, as elsewhere, one finds the frenzy to be showy; farmer boys who wish to be spenders before they are earners, girls who try to look like the heroines of the cinema screen; a coming generation which tries to cheat its aesthetic sense by buying things instead of making anything. There is even danger that that fine institution, the University of Nebraska, may become a gigantic trade school. The men who control its destiny, the regents and the lawmakers, wish their sons and daughters to study machines, mercantile processes, "the principles of business"; everything that has to do with the game of getting on in the world—and nothing else. The classics, the humanities, are having their dark hour. They are in eclipse. Studies that develop taste and enrich personality are not encouraged. But the "Classics" have a way of revenging themselves. One may venture to hope that the children, or the grandchildren, of a generation that goes to a university to select only the most utilitarian subjects in the course of study—among them, salesmanship and dressmaking—will revolt against all the heaped-up, machine-made materialism about them. They will go back to the old sources of culture and wisdom—not as a duty, but with burning desire.

In Nebraska, as in so many other States, we must face the fact that the splendid story of the pioneers is finished, and that no new story worthy to take its place has yet begun. The generation that subdued the wild land and broke up the virgin prairie is passing, but it is still there, a group of rugged figures in the background which inspire respect, compel admiration. With these old men and women the attainment of material prosperity was a moral victory, because it was wrung from hard conditions, was the result of a struggle that tested character. They can look out over those broad stretches of fertility and say: "We made this, with our backs and hands." The sons, the generation now in middle life, were reared amid hardships, and it is perhaps natural that they should be very much interested in material comfort, in buying whatever is expensive and ugly. Their fathers came into a wilderness and had to make everything, had to be as ingenious as shipwrecked sailors. The generation now in the driver's seat hates to make anything, wants to live and die in an automobile, scudding past those acres where the old men used to follow the long corn-rows up and down. They want to buy everything ready-made: clothes, food, education, music, pleasure. Will the third generation—the full-blooded, joyous one just coming over the hill—will it be fooled? Will it believe that to live easily is to live happily?

The wave of generous idealism, of noble seriousness, which swept over the State of Nebraska in 1917 and 1918, demonstrated how fluid and flexible is any living, growing, expanding society. If such "conversions" do not last, they at least show of what men and women are capable. Surely the materialism and showy extravagance of this hour are a passing phase! They will mean no more in half a century from now than will the "hard times" of twenty-five years ago—which are already forgotten. The population is as clean and full of vigor as the soil; there are no old grudges, no heritages of disease or hate. The belief that snug success and easy money are the real aims of human life has settled down over our prairies, but it has not yet hardened into molds and crusts. The people are warm, mercurial, impressionable, restless, over-fond of novelty and change. These are not the qualities which make the dull chapters of history.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of September 19, will be Montana: Land of the Copper Collar, by Arthur Fisher.*

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When the Troops Took Tulsa

By McALISTER COLEMAN

FROM behind a tree on quiet Boston Street in Tulsa, Oklahoma, steps a steel-helmeted militiaman. His bayonet gleams in the arc light. A belated clubman, owner of many millions invested in producing oil wells, halts disgustedly at the soldier's challenge.

"You gotter be off the streets by eleven-thirty," announces the militiaman, "and you got just three minutes to make it."

Before he goes to bed the oil man composes a letter to the Tulsa *Tribune* that fairly sizzles with rage. "This clown in the governor's office"—"the outrage committed on our city"—"attempts to hold Tulsa up to shame before the world"—are some of the milder phrases.

Tulsa, with her pride not yet healed from the wounds of the shameful race riots of 1921, writhes again under the affront of martial law. For the second time in two years the citizens of one of the wealthiest towns in the Southwest, "Tulsa, the oil center of the universe," are being told by youngsters in khaki when to go to bed and when to get up. It hurts, and Tulsa cries aloud in angry pain.

News that Governor Walton had ordered Adjutant General Markham to march his troops into the city of smart residences and towering office buildings, 200 miles to the north of Oklahoma's capital, was as much a surprise to Tulsa and the rest of the State as it was to the country at large. To be sure, the Governor had shown no hesitancy in proclaiming martial law in Okmulgee back in June when it looked as though whipping mobs were having things their own way, but you don't mention Okmulgee and Tulsa in the same breath in the Sooner State. There are just two cities in Oklahoma that Eastern visitors hear much about. One is Oklahoma City and the other Tulsa. For years there has been the customary twin-city rivalry between the two with great swapping of statistics at banquets of chambers of commerce and Rotarians. Today the "respectable elements" of Oklahoma City make common cause with the commercial bodies of Tulsa in denouncing the calling out of the troops as unwarranted and hurling anathemas at Governor "Jack."

There is this to be said for the Governor; he is unexpected. You see him deliberately turn his back on the Farmer-Labor groups who worked so valiantly for his election. You watch him first appoint and then, a few weeks later, discharge the farmers' choice for the head of the State agricultural college. You hear him denounced by every progressive organ as a "Judas" and worse. You are told that the oil interests of Tulsa have bought him up, and that the price was an automobile, a new house, and an opportunity to play golf with Oklahoma society. And then you come on him sending troops to patrol the very homes of those who are supposed to have him in their pockets. An opportunist, perhaps, this people's Governor, the Walton of the Great Barbecue, the "hickory-shirt" Jack who now wears knickers and golf stockings; but certainly an inconsistent opportunist judging by his present conduct. In July it was the Oklahoma *Leader*, the official mouthpiece of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, that alone of all the papers in the State hissed Walton through every editorial column. In August the Tulsa *Tribune* and *World* outdid even the hated *Leader* in their deep damnation of the Governor. The suggestion runs counter to all the hero-villain psychology of newspaperdom, but isn't it barely possible that Walton has in him much the same potentialities for good and evil that are contained in the majority of the citizens of his State? The only possible political motive that would animate the sending of troops to Tulsa would be suicide. It is too late—Walton knows it is too late—for the Governor to recapture the old loyalty of the farmers and workers. He is making lasting enemies of the business interests to whom he is supposed to have sold out. Lacking any other evidence, the most skeptical observer must admit, no matter how reluctantly, that, in the case of Tulsa, the Governor has acted with laudable courage.

A dastardly outrage is committed on the main streets of Tulsa, the culmination of a long series of mob outbreaks. No attempt is made to arrest any members of the mob. There is strong evidence of police connivance. The victim appeals to the Governor, and *mirabile dictu!* the militia are sent—not to "protect property" and arrest striking workers—but to take into custody the highly respectable mobbists. Naturally the Rotarians tear their expensive shirts and the Optimists seek the wailing-wall.

Walton was at Sulphur, a summer resort seventy miles from the capital, when a machine drove into Oklahoma City with a badly crippled man in the back seat. This was Nate Hantaman, a Tulsa rooming-house keeper. Hantaman limped into the office of Aldrich Blake, the Governor's secretary, and, soon after he had told his story, troops were mobilizing to move on Tulsa, following telephonic orders from the Governor.

According to Hantaman, he was told to report at Tulsa Police Headquarters and was there questioned concerning selling drugs in his house. He answered the questions to the apparent satisfaction of the police and was allowed to leave. A short distance away on one of Tulsa's principal streets within plain view of headquarters Hantaman was thrown into an automobile by a number of unmasked men. He cried out to passers-by but no attention was paid to his appeals. He was gagged after persistent shouting, and taken through town and out onto a country road, where he was stripped naked, beaten, and thrown into a ditch. From his waist down Hantaman was a raw mass of welts and bruises made by the black-snake whip. Witnesses in corroborating his story added that a police car had followed the machine in which Hantaman was abducted and that the police could at any time have prevented the outrage.

Several arrests have been made by the militia in the course of their investigation, but in most instances the arrested men have been freed by the civil authorities to whom they had been turned over. Mayor Newblock of Tulsa at first refused to direct the Tulsa police to take orders from the militia but changed his mind after a talk with Attorney-General Short. The scope of the military investigation was enlarged, soon after the arrival of the troops, to take in other floggings that have occurred in and about Tulsa for several years past.

Ku Klux? No definite proof has yet been produced connecting the Klan with the whipping of Hantaman. Klans-

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men point out that the rooming-house keeper's abductors were unmasked, and insist that the Knights of the Invisible Empire in Oklahoma have never been convicted of an illegal act. Before the Klan existed, in Oklahoma there were whippings and mobbings. Did not a mob take a cowering white boy from the top floor of the Tulsa jail four years ago and march him through the streets (while the police directed traffic) to the tree where he was hanged? Did not all Tulsa join in the running fight that terminated in the wiping out by rifle and torch of the negro section of the town on a tragic day in June, 1921? Have not "white" laborers recently driven out Mexicans brought in to work on the Spavinaw dam project near Tulsa? Why blame the Klan for another display of Tulsa's periodic lawlessness?

There is no evidence, perhaps, of actual Klan participation in the Hantaman case—no evidence, at any rate, that will stand before a jury chosen from the body of a Klan-infested county. But the few—the very few—citizens of Tulsa who are not joining in the clamor over the troops, who are honestly ashamed of their city's long record of violence, are wondering if the hatreds loosed by the formation of the Klan in the Southwest might not somehow be moving in the background of all these lawless acts. Soon after the militia marched down the streets of Tulsa, fiery crosses burned on all the hills of Oklahoma. Klan spokesmen said that the demonstration was a memorial for President Harding. The other night in Oklahoma City I heard 30,000 persons cheer the sight of an aeroplane, with a crimson cross outlined on its wings, wheeling above a Klan initiation at the city's amusement park. Since the occupation of Tulsa the Governor has received warning letters signed K. K. K.

Perhaps the men who flogged Hantaman so cruelly that he will be crippled for life were not Klansmen. Many organizations, masked and unmasked, have been formed recently in Oklahoma with the same peculiar notions of law and order as the Klan. But no one can escape the fact that as soon as the Kleagles got to work in the Southwest rioting became organized on a grand and most businesslike scale. Secretary Blake is sponsor for the statement that since the inauguration of the Governor last January at least one whipping a day has been reported at the State House.

There is a sure contagion about the Klan idea of beating up a neighbor suspected of moral, economic, or religious heterodoxy. How far Governor Walton will go in isolating the germ remains to be seen. In all events it may be said of the Governor of Oklahoma that he has taken refreshingly vigorous action.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has read again a book of which he is uncommonly fond. "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," by George Gissing, he avers, contains more sound wisdom, more unpretentious and delightful learning, and a quicker eye for beauty than most books of twice its length. Henry Ryecroft is moved more than ordinary mortals with a love of England. English writers are good to him, and English faults; English landscapes he praises, and English beef. "The very coloring of a round, how rich it is, yet how delicate, and how subtly varied! . . . Hot of course with carrots, it is a dish for a king; but cold it is nobler. Oh, the thin broad slice, with just its fringe of consistent fat!" Even the English boiled potato put into the saucepan with a sprig of mint—"This is genius. Not otherwise could the flavor of the vegetable be so perfectly, yet so delicately, emphasized."

* * * * *

THE English country was to Ryecroft—and doubtless also to Gissing—a continual source of delight.

This is the valley of the Blythe. The stream ripples and glances over its brown bed warmed with sunbeams; by its bank the green flags wave and rustle, and, all about, the meadows shine in pure gold of buttercups. The hawthorn hedges are a mass of gleaming blossom, which scents the breeze. . . . I ramble through a village in Gloucestershire, a village which seems forsaken in this drowsy warmth of the afternoon. The houses of gray stone are old and beautiful . . . the gardens glow with flowers. . . . At the village end, I come into a lane, which winds upward between grassy slopes to turf and bracken and woods of noble beech. Here I am upon a spur of the Cotswolds, and before me spreads the wide vale of Evesham, with its ripening crops, its fruiting orchards, watered by Sacred Avon. Beyond, softly blue, the hills of Malvern. . . . I see the low church tower, with the little graveyard about it. Meanwhile, high in heaven, a lark is singing. It drops to its nest and I could dream that half the happiness of his exultant song was love of England. . . .

* * * * *

VERY touching and profound are the sentences which tell of Ryecroft's gratitude for the peace and security brought him, after fifty years of grinding poverty, by the bequest of a modest living of 300 pounds a year. His small house, the ability to buy books and the leisure to read them, above all the quiet of a well-kept household in the country, are mentioned with delight on nearly every page. And in his solitude he could still think of others who lacked it.

It is a pleasant thing enough to be able to spend a little money without fear when the desire for some indulgence is strong upon one; but how much pleasanter the ability to give money away! Greatly as I relish the comforts of my wonderful new life, no joy it has brought me equals that of coming in aid to another's necessity. . . . Today I sent S—— a check for fifty pounds; it will come as a very boon of heaven, and assuredly blesseth him that gives as much as him that takes. A poor fifty pounds, which the wealthy fool throws away upon some idle or base fantasy, and never thinks of it; yet to S—— it will mean life and light. And I, to whom this power of benefaction is such a new thing, sign the check with a hand trembling, so glad and proud am I.

* * * * *

A gentle and lucid book, and not a little tragic, for the man who wrote of Ryecroft's peace was never to have that experience. But he could write eloquently of the peace he wished to have, and for that no one is more in his debt than

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

WILLA CATHER was recently awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best American novel of 1922 on account of her story "One of Ours."

MAXIM GORKI is a Russian novelist whose writing has long been familiar to Americans in translation.

MCALISTER COLEMAN was close to the events of which he writes through his connection with the *Oklahoma Leader*, a farmer-labor daily newspaper.

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Questions for the Woman's Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since in your issue of August 8 you publish the text of the Woman's Party's new proposal for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, will you not offer the Woman's Party space in your columns to answer the following questions concerning it?

1. How are the words "Women shall have equal rights" to be interpreted? Is the Woman's Party inviting colored women voters in New York to support this amendment which appears to mean that, upon its ratification, colored women will occupy boxes and orchestra seats in the Metropolitan Opera House as freely as white women now occupy them? And that colored women will attend the University of South Carolina, and travel in Pullman sleeping cars in Texas, Georgia, and Florida? If it does not mean this, should not the amendment read: "White women shall have equal rights in the United States and in every place subject to its jurisdiction?"

2. Do the words "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States" mean that they shall have equal rights, as heretofore, to differ? For instance, men are now compelled to support their wives and children. Failure to do so is, in many States, a valid ground for divorce and in others for various penalties. Would the completed ratification of the amendment usher in the nationwide release of husbands and fathers from this obligation?

3. Finally, would wage-earning women be compelled to wait for the short working day, established by statute, until wage-earning men achieve the same limit of hours for themselves? If so, is not this a new subjection of women wage-earners to men? Should not the amendment, then, be altered to read: "White men and women who are not wage-earners shall have equal rights throughout the United States and all places subject to its jurisdiction"?

Will not the Woman's Party categorically reply to these questions?

New York, August 21 FLORENCE KELLEY

The Cause of Austria's Fall and Rise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With all respect to the Chief Magistrate of my country, I must protest against the reflection upon my fairness in his letter printed in *The Nation* for June 20. Neither President Hainisch nor Professor Brockhausen attempts to deny any of the facts cited in my article A Country Without a Statesman in your issue of March 14. I have never denied the services of the Prime Minister, Mr. Seipel. Summarizing the situation in February, 1923, I naturally did not emphasize the difficulties overcome by Mr. Seipel in obtaining the help of the League of Nations for Austria. These difficulties, however, did not lie, as Professor Brockhausen suggests, in the League of Nations, but in Austria herself, in the propaganda carried on for the annexation of Austria to the German Empire. This propaganda was in open opposition to the fundamental Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain, which requires the maintenance of the independence of the Austrian Republic. While the Austrians were directing their entire energy to the destruction of the peace treaty, the League naturally could not obtain credits for them. Furthermore, in the hope of forcing a change in this article, all the Austrian parties were seeking to prove that Austria must collapse unless she were annexed to Germany. The International Conference naturally drew the conclusion that Austria would not be a good creditor.

The situation improved as soon as the perverse theory of the imminent collapse of Austria was given up. Dr. Wilhelm Rosenberg, the financial adviser of the Schober Ministry, was responsible for this change before Mr. Seipel took office, and when, on October 4, 1922, Mr. Seipel solemnly repledged the republic to maintain Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain, the way was cleared for rehabilitation.

With a few friends I attempted to effect this change in policy long before Dr. Rosenberg or Dr. Seipel, and among others we sought the support of President Hainisch and Professor Brockhausen. We found them, like many others, either actively or passively opposed. So I understand the difficulties which Dr. Seipel had to overcome from my own painful experience and can only rejoice that they lie so far behind us that President Hainisch and his letter-writing friend seem to have forgotten them entirely.

Vienna, Austria, June 30 HEINRICH KANNER

A Voice from Jerusalem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Week by week *The Nation* comes to me with the American mail, as truly a personal message as the longed-for letters, and brings into a rich, full, cosmopolitan life, lived at one of the cross-roads of the world, a breath of the wider world, of the spirit of freedom that bridges the gulf between East and West. And as with all your faithful friends, I do not allow your copies to go to waste; I pass them on to the next American.

Sometimes my experience here strikes a sharp note of contrast with statements made in your paper. For example, in the trenchant article of Mr. Smertenko on What America Has Done for the Jew, I find this: "Basic in all the significant changes of Jewish character . . . is the spirit of democracy which is America's greatest contribution to modern Jewish life." Yet I find here, in Palestine, where only an insignificant minority of the Jews have ever seen America, a spirit of democracy among the Jews which makes me feel at home, and a chance for democratic expression in the forms of social life for which I longed vainly in America. This despite the fact that there is not yet self-government in the accepted political sense. The Jewish community is organized internally, and the workingmen's party is by far the strongest, with the result that its voice is heard in all councils, even the government's; that its organization is the largest employer of labor, taking contracts successfully for the government as well as for private individuals; that it runs a bank, a cooperative store, and a large number of cooperative labor camps and agricultural groups. To say nothing of the *spirit* of democracy in daily life. I am often reminded of Justice Brandeis's saying that the thing which brought him to Zionism was work with Jewish labor unions, for that convinced him that the Jew had a peculiar gift for democracy which he ought to be allowed to express in a land of his own.

Jerusalem, June 3 JESSIE E. SAMPTER

The "Prurient Prude"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would not the following delightful bit from Charles Reade's "Round Table," dated October, 1866, exactly express the sort of people responsible for some recent attacks on good literature? "There is a kind of hypocrite that has never been effectually exposed for want of an expressive name. I beg to supply that defect in our language and introduce to mankind the 'Prurient Prude.'" In these days of slogans and apt phrases "Prurient Prude" is worth reviving.

New Canaan, Connecticut, July 25 GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

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White Terror in the West Indies

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir:

Give me the good old tropics,
And a "shot" of Haitian booze,
Down where there are no commandments,
And you live and do as you choose.

Give me a scrap in the jungle,
Or a raid on a gambling-joint,
Where you pull out the glistening bayonet,
And say, "Do you see the point?"

Give me the mellow moonlight,
That shines on the Caribbean!
If I cannot be a millionaire,
Let me be a marine!

Being adventurous, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps *in 1916. After training* at Port Royal, S. C., I embarked on the collier Neptune for Santo Domingo with a lot of other rookies. When I arrived at Sanchez I saw people dressed in suits of gunny-sack, and a mountain whose trees leaned back as if ready to spring at something.

I had not been in Sanchez many days before an earthquake took place. It was midnight and the shock knocked more than one marine from his bunk, the water tanks were running over, the earth was opening up, swallowing houses with their occupants, pyramids of fire were darting from Samana Bay and the Caribbean Sea. Hardly had the tumult subsided when the call to arms was sounded. A detachment of marines at San Francisco de Macoris was surrounded, outnumbered, and in danger of annihilation by General Emil King's army. We killed and wounded 169 people at La Saba, and suffered one casualty among ourselves: a private was shot through his right arm. We pushed him along on a hand-car until we came to Barbara. There, when we secured some drinking water, we found that most of it had been poisoned; so many of us went thirsty.

Then began an orgy of looting. In one house we discovered a large table with a veritable banquet laid out on it, but, when we sat down to eat, a corporal came and knocked the table over; he then proved to us that the food was poisoned. One of our officers shot an old native who was kneeling in prayer, while Captain Hughes threatened to burn the entire town on our return, if any of our supplies in one of the wrecked freight cars had been molested.

Suddenly a rebel army of about 500 hove into sight on a long train of passenger cars. There were only thirty-nine of us, but we had Benet Mercier machine-guns, and mounted them upon logs. Had Captain Hughes let us pour our death-dealing missiles into the approaching locomotive, we could have blown it up and destroyed a number of the enemy but, instead, he let the enemy run into the jungles, making it possible for them to snipe at us for the rest of our long and tedious journey. There is nothing more harrowing than fighting an invisible enemy. All that day we had but one egg sandwich apiece.

Dominican cavalry appeared on the track. We pumped lead into them, and many a beautiful horse plunged over a bridge or a precipice. We could see them lying far below us writhing in agony. The more merciful among us, although it was against orders to waste ammunition, took aim with our Springfields and put a few of them out of their misery. We captured a cavalryman who was loaded down with rum, and several of us became intoxicated. The best thing to do when in battle is to chew tobacco and drink liquor so as to steady the nerves and deaden the senses. All of us who were drunk became heroes. I was always a hero while in the West Indies because I was never sober.

Edward J. Irvine,
Ex-private, 32nd Co., 4th Reg., Sanchez, D. R.

Washington, D. C., June 8

How "Wobbly" Originated

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial (July 18) upon the stand taken by eleven of the political prisoners in Leavenworth, in refusing a commutation of sentence that would entail a life-time parole, prompts me to send an extract from a letter from Mortimer Downing, one of the Sacramento men:

Probably few on the outside can estimate what a simple and earnest deed it was to choose imprisonment rather than liberty; and in one case it means the serving of a twenty-year sentence (James Rowan). The essential principle of our whole industrial movement is solidarity. The world has outgrown individualism and all its train of violence and inhumanity. We call ourselves International Workers of the World to emphasize just this basic fact of essential human brotherhood. . . . We are sentries on guard; our stations are fixed until such time as we may be *honorably* relieved of our responsibility. We can surrender nothing of the principles for which we stand. . . . Never before has material power been so clearly arrayed against the power of the human spirit. How can any honest soul palter with such issues as these, or cringe and compromise before their challenge?

Incidentally, at the close of his letter, he gives the origin of the term "Wobbly," so often applied to members of the I.W.W.:

Up in Vancouver, in 1911, we had a number of Chinese members, and one restaurant keeper would trust any member for meals. He could not pronounce the letter "w," but called it "wobble," and would ask: "You I. Wobble Wobble?" and when the card was shown credit was unlimited. Thereafter the laughing term among us was "I. Wobbly Wobbly," and when Herman Suhr, during the Wheatland strike, wired for all foot-loose "Wobblies" to hurry there, of course the prosecution made a mountain of mystery out of it, and the term has stuck to us ever since. Considering its origin, I rather like the nickname. It hints of a fine, practical internationalism, a human brotherhood based on a community of *interests and of understanding.*

New York, July 23 Richard W. Hogue

Einstein and the League Again

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Was it *The Nation* which recently quoted what Einstein had said about the League of Nations? If so, I hope you will quote the inclosed.

Geneva, Switzerland, August 12 Manley O. Hudson

[The inclosure is a clipping from a German newspaper stating that at a meeting of peace societies in Berlin on July 29, Professor Einstein stated: "You know that I myself had a disagreement with the League of Nations and turned my back upon it in disgust because of what I had seen of it. But I believe that I acted mistakenly, for, however bad the League of Nations may be in respect to what it has accomplished, it is tremendously important in respect to the possibilities which lie concealed within it. Even if it had managed matters even worse than it has done we would have to admit that under present-day conditions it is the only organization which offers the possibility of establishing relations between nations. Germany should therefore not let the year pass without utilizing this means of communication. The majority of the League is today still composed of people who lack the qualities necessary to make it a valuable institution, but I have convinced myself that there are in the League many valuable elements which are really earnestly striving to improve international relations."]

More North Carolina Journalism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Stuart Chase's epitome of the contents of the Charlotte (North Carolina) *Observer* furnished a number of laughs. You may get at least a smile when I inform you that another North Carolina paper recently spoke disparagingly in its headlines of "immigrants from Asiatic and other undesirable countries."

San Francisco, July 25 Harold Coy

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Books

The American Short Story

The Development of the American Short Story. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Advance of the American Short Story. By Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Representative American Short Stories. Edited by Alexander Jessup. Allyn and Bacon. $4.

MORE and more we succumb to the delusion of the man in the street that, since his automobile, locomotive, and airship move ten times as rapidly as the chariots of ancient Greece, Judea, and Rome, he has improved proportionately all other functions of civilization. And yet it is sufficiently obvious that in things of the spirit the graph of progress does not mount in accord with the chronological table. Certainly the trend of the American short story in the century of its life has been—to borrow an analogy from another art—from colonial mansion to the two-family flat rather than from log-cabin to skyscraper. This fact Messrs. Pattee and O'Brien both recognize although their titles seem to cater to the popular fallacy, unless one interprets "development" and "advance" to mean simply *movement*, not *improvement*.

For, in so far as Dr. Pattee has permitted himself to pronounce judgment, he agrees with Mr. O'Brien that the contemporary short story has developed high mechanical efficiency at the expense of the thought, the truth to life, and the urge for self-expression which are necessary to a work of art. He, too, criticizes the handbooks and the university laboratories which teach the new trade "with laws as arbitrary and as multitudinous as those governing bridge whist." He would concur in Mr. O'Brien's opinion that "short-story writing, which is only justified when it is an art, infrequently rises nowadays to the lower dignity of a profession, and is for the most part a clever form of trading, in which deceptive tricks are at a high premium," and that an author's technique no longer means anything more than "a generic term for labor-saving devices to alleviate his own fatigue and that of his readers."

But, on the whole, Professor Pattee has sought to evade the responsibility of general criticism; he holds that "it is not the province of the literary historian to discuss or even to venture an opinion" on the value of the short-story medium or on the relative excellence of the successive stages in its evolution. When in the course of his survey of "the one literary form that America has evolved and presented to the world" he discusses individual writers, Mr. Pattee does not hesitate to condemn harshly and discriminately the idols of patriotic pedagogues. Instead of lighting another smoky incense-burner at the national shrine, he rubs our literary fetishes vigorously enough to show that some of their glitter is but tinsel. Though this book is full of trenchant and important matter, the author's manner is tediously pedantic: "For the short story as we know it today Irving performed perhaps nine distinctive services." Follows 1, 2, 3, 4. . . . Likewise, the contributions, phases, characteristics, periods, and influences are enumerated in this classroom fashion.

Mr. O'Brien, on the other hand, permits little of academic classification, or academic calm for that matter, to mar the interest of his work. Reading this book is an adventure. Its author is concerned with the American short story because he is concerned with American civilization, of which literature is the expression as well as the interpretation. And, though his criticisms of both will present nothing startling to the readers of Mr. Mencken's jeremiads, they illumine the subject by the brilliancy of his parables and analogies.

Taking as his thesis this quotation from Samuel Butler: "America will have her geniuses, as every other country has. In fact she has already had one in Walt Whitman, but I do not think America is a good place in which to be a genius. A genius can never expect to have a good time anywhere, if he is a genuine article, but America is about the last place in which life will be endurable at all for an inspired writer of any kind," Mr. O'Brien exhibits our short-story writers as proof that pioneer America was and is a bad place for the true artist. In Irving and Hawthorne, Melville and Poe, Henry James, Mark Twain, and the more modern authors he finds either revolt or romantic escape from the sordid reality, the engulfing tide of materialism, of these United States. The evidence seems to me a bit forced, just as the other note, disillusionment for accepted literary men and suffering for the unsuccessful, is a bit strained.

As for the short story, it was inevitable that this medium should suffer from the standardization of American life. With the exception of the work of Sherwood Anderson and Waldo Frank, in which Mr. O'Brien places his hopes for the future, and an occasional solitary work of art, the contemporary short story is "the product of one or more of four heresies"—type, local color, plot, and surprise ending—which, operating like a soulless machine with a clever mind, suggest more and more "that the secret of perpetual motion is being fatally discovered."

One might easily take issue with Mr. O'Brien, yet he is much closer to the truth than Mr. Jessup, who, though he accepts the former's critical standards, comes to the usual textbook compiler's telltale conclusions, namely: "In the short story America, ever since Poe, has led the world," "his [Bret Harte's] work gives a better representation of American life than either [Hawthorne or Poe]." Though shallow in its prefatory criticism, this book is probably the best anthology of American short stories yet published. Mr. Jessup has fortunately set himself the task of selecting "the best at all periods of development, even though the best of one decade fall far below the best of another." This he has performed intelligently and to the indisputable vindication of Messrs. Pattee and O'Brien.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Gandhi and India

Gandhi, the Apostle. By Haridas T. Muzumdar. Universal Publishing Company. $1.50.

IT is plain that Haridas Muzumdar feels that "it is laid upon him" to speak, and equally plain that the power to do this has been vouchsafed to him. A burning desire to set his country in its proper light before the world, combined with a grasp of the subject and unusual powers of expression, have helped to make a book worth the attention of anyone who would know the facts in connection with Mahatma Gandhi and the politico-spiritual movement which has swept over India.

The book has that illusive but real thing we call charm. The second part is preceded by a panorama of Indian history, notable for its content and the beauty of its English. "In sketching this panorama," says the author, "my purpose has been, not to advocate but to record. . . . India's is a struggle for world freedom, for the world cannot indeed be free as long as one-fifth of the human race are denied freedom. . . . A free India will be eminently fitted to preach the gospel of universal brotherhood, peace on earth, good-will among men, and, God willing, she shall carry forward the great purpose."

The two chapters entitled Indian Society and Contribution to Civilization will be most revealing even to those who think they know India; and in India a Nation is to be found material rarely met with in the so-called information gathered for western consumption. Here is shown the beginning of Indian nationalism, which was coincident with the disillusionment that followed Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858—the expression of which, says the author, remains a "pious hope" to this day. Here too is a telling description of the bureaucratic misrule which sowed the seeds of racial antagonism, creating "an atmosphere of inferiority . . . in which the tallest [had to] bend,"

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and stunting the race by means of "the dish of opium" prepared by the grace of the alien government. But irresponsible tyranny welded together the peoples of the far-flung provinces; the resulting poverty and chronic hunger impregnated the masses with discontent; and stupid and cruel autocracy on the part of men like Dalhousie, Lytton, and Curzon furnished the reason for revolt. Mr. Muzumdar pays his tribute of praise to Indians whose self-sacrificing efforts paved the way for the Mahatma, and he gives due appreciation to men of the type of Wedderburn and Sir Henry Cotton—public-spirited leaders thoroughly imbued with the British tradition of freedom and liberty—and particularly to Mr. A. O. Hume, to whom he credits the success of the Indian National Congress. It was this organization which grew slowly but surely from an instrument of social reform to the vehicle of national revolt, and which passed under the control of Gandhi in 1920, standing unanimously, in December of that year, for peaceful non-cooperation with the government, to the end that the country might reconstruct its own native institutions and thereby achieve Swaraj—self-government.

The life story of Gandhi is a spirited bit of writing and an absorbingly interesting narrative. "Following the Great War," says the impressive introductory chapter, "which raised high hopes among Indians, came the disappointing Versailles Treaty . . . a jumble of falsehood and idiocy; then the cruelly repressive "Black" Rowlatt Acts of 1919, which set the inchoate mass ablaze with indignation. To make their feelings articulate was needed a man, a hero—their man. . . . The worst would have happened, but Gandhi, the personification of Peace, came on the scene, as if to say, 'Behold, I give you a new gospel and a new commandment. Non-violent resistance is the true way of freedom and self-realization.' "

The author presents his country's "Great Soul," Gandhi, in a sympathetic, picturesque, and withal restrained manner, and always with strict regard for the truth. The high spot in the picture comes after the arrest of the Mahatma, in the description of the spontaneous act of the whole court in rising when the prisoner, a frail, serene, indomitable figure, clad in a coarse, scanty loin-cloth, entered the court-room for his trial. Then follows Gandhi's remarkable defense, which will go into the annals with the great human documents of all time.

For her deplorable situation today, Mr. Muzumdar asserts that India must blame herself as well as England. "Non-cooperation in politics," he says, "rests on the fundamental political maxim that sovereignty rests with the masses. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance; the price of prosperity and justice is *Ahimsa*—the law of Love. . . ." India, as this writer sees it, exercised neither vigilance nor *Ahimsa*. The only way open to her now, he believes, is to continue non-cooperation with the evil of a wrong-headed government, following wholeheartedly the program that Gandhi has laid down—a program which admits of no national antagonism and is "irretrievably harnessed to truth." This program, he admits, is at the present writing being "lazily" worked out. But in the short space of three years to have raised the Indian people from the abysmal depth to which submission to a foreign domination had degraded them to a sense of fearlessness and self-respect, and at the same time to have "dragged the moral prestige" of that dominating power "in the dust" is a deserving achievement and a prospect and promise of ultimate success. "Lord Chelmsford," says the author, "may fairly be accused of treating Gravity with levity when, . . . he alleged that Non-cooperation would collapse by weight of its own intrinsic inanity." The real revolution, he insists, is in the new spirit which has come upon the people. "The technique of the revolutionists may change, but the revolution whose torch has been lit will never die. Not with bomb-shells but with thought-shells, not at the point of the bayonet but at the point of the spindle, not with hatred but with love, will India win her freedom and the freedom of mankind."

BLANCHE WATSON

Van Vechten's New York

The Blind Bow-Boy. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AS an alien admirer of this fascinating New York whose chronicler Mr. Van Vechten is, I am somewhat troubled by the attitude of those of his compatriots who have so far commented upon "The Blind Bow-Boy." Younger intellectuals have denounced what they regard as the unbecoming frivolity of his venerable years in transcribing this ultra-modern love story, but they have so disconcertingly misapprehended the particular milieu described that one can hardly take such indignation seriously. More baffling is the appreciation of Mr. Van Vechten's novel in terms comparable to those employed by Charles Lamb in defense of the English Restoration dramatists. "The Blind Bow-Boy," in a word, is praised as a charmingly irresponsible picture of an unreal and fantastic world. No wonder the subway announcements invite New Yorkers to get to know their wonderful city! To one suckled, like myself, in a creed more outworn but not perhaps less pagan, the realism of "The Blind Bow-Boy" is its outstanding quality. If the criticism of American fiction were my regular *métier* I should at once salute this book as the great realistic novel of contemporary New York life.

Such praise, however, is apparently reserved for remorseless—and usually inarticulate—studies of sex awakening in the Middle West, and sordid matrimonial squabbles in Greenwich Village. The modern American novel shall have none other themes but these. Here, however, is a veracious chronicle which is as realistic in its notation of contemporary manners as James Joyce's "Ulysses," whose monumental accuracy of detail has been overlooked by those unacquainted with the Dublin of Stephen Dedalus. Mr. Van Vechten's canvas is as large as Joyce's but it is not so crowded. Instead of seven hundred and thirty-two closely printed quarto pages, he gives us less than three hundred pages octavo, with ample white spaces and a symbolically perverse frontispiece. He has modestly refrained from undertaking that grand masterpiece for which Mr. Mencken is calling, wherein shall be preserved for posterity the gaudy and irresistible figure of this modern Babylon before the fall of a civilization which is culminating in New York. Like Joyce, he has taken a segment of life, but he portrays it with the fine, deft, bizarre strokes of a Beardsley. He does not accumulate detail like Zola, yet one turns from "The Blind Bow-Boy" with as definite an impression of New York in 1922 as one gets of Paris under the Second Empire from the endless tomes of the Rougon Macquart series.

Since omission and selection there must be, I am not grieved by the absence from Mr. Van Vechten's narrative of the elements which admirers of Mr. Upton Sinclair will demand, and I rejoice that, in the handling of many highly delicate and *scabreux* situations, he has not relapsed into that feeble imitation of Joyce which now seems to be the substitute for the crudities of red-blooded realism, and which merely indicates that the author's manner is as undeveloped as his mind. "The Blind Bow-Boy" is far above mere eccentricities of syntax, yet it has frequently to cope with thoughts and gestures for whose capture nothing short of an explosion of unpunctuated nouns and verbs and suspension dots would seem possible to a less alert technician. Mr. Van Vechten's theme might be summarized as "Up from Boobery," for the situation around which the story revolves is that of a youth whose father is determined that his son shall have none of the disadvantages of education, and all the advantages of sophistication, which he himself would like to have enjoyed. I might almost say that this is a plea for the higher education of young men in America. The author is acutely conscious of the fundamental defect which lies back of most of the phenomena that arouse the ire and despair of serious students of American life. Consequently, he postulates a father whose son is intrusted to a tutor who must make of him

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an urbane and civilized fellow. To this end certain qualifications are required of the tutor: he must be "of good character but no moral sense. Must know three languages and possess a sense of humor. Autodidact preferred, one whose experience has led him to whatever books he has read. It is absolutely essential that he should have been the central figure in some public scandal. Age, not above thirty."

Equipped with unlimited funds, a tutor answering to these requirements, and an English valet of unusual talents, even in so talented a class, Harold Prewett is launched forth upon the gently swelling seas of New York life, whose waves are so beautifully navigated by Campaspe Lorillard, Paul Moody, the essential tutor, Zimbule O'Grady, Coney Island snake-charmer, the Duke of Middlebottom, and other representative citizens of this New York world. A stray shot from the bow of the Blind Bow-Boy pierces the heart of Harold at the outset, thereby seriously interfering with the progress of his education but heightening the effect of the narrative, for Harold's inability to respond to the various stimuli offered by this very stimulating group of people is not the least charm of the story. He serves as a foil for the virtuosity of his friends, whose activities provide Mr. Van Vechten with his pictures of present-day New York. What those activities are, it would be both dangerous and unfair to divulge, unless one has the insinuating charm of the author in conveying delicate facts. As well might one attempt to outline the story of the "Satyricon." The inhibitions which are supposed to trouble the American soul do not exist for the society to which "The Blind Bow-Boy" is a guide, and neither the Seventh Commandment nor the Eighteenth Amendment cast even a shadow over its pages. After so many volumes of morbid introspection or of adolescent revolt, it is a relief to be assured that there are people in this country so happily unaware of the alleged disadvantages of being an American, who are not overpowered by a sense of their own identity. Van Vechten's New York is as entertaining as Petronius's Cumae, and the company that assembled at Trimalchio's banquet was not more diverting than that which gathered about Campaspe Lorillard in Gramercy Park and furnished material for this modern "Satyricon."

ERNEST BOYD

American State Government

Government in Illinois. By Walter F. Dodd and Sue Hutchison Dodd. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.

TO the average intelligent American the government of England, if perchance he sets himself to study it, appears to be a labyrinth, while the governments of Continental countries may be likened to a forest from whose depths one emerges more by accident than by design. But what is to be said of the government of an American State, with its entangling subdivisions and its contacts and overlappings with the Federal system? Take this book of the Dodds, for example. It is a first-rate account, detailed, comprehensive, and up to date, of the elaborate and complicated political machinery that Illinois has installed. The book is intended, apparently, for a textbook, although the authors intimate that it may also be read. We venture to think, however, that the boy or the girl, the young man or the maid, who really mastered the huge bulk of detail within these covers ought to receive a Carnegie medal for heroism. The practical state of the voter, on the other hand, is worse than that of the embryo citizen in the schools. The general ballot used by Chicago voters at the election of November 2, 1920, measured twenty-nine and one-half by thirty-six inches and contained some 345 separate names. All but four of the 345 candidates belonged to one or another of seven different parties, four other parties being represented by one candidate each. One knows only too well what happens to the sacred right of suffrage when offices and names, Federal, State, and local, are piled in solid columns sixty high. The average voter either votes a straight ticket from sheer ignorance or fatigue, which pleases the boss, or marks a few names here and there of persons he knows or has heard of, which salves his conscience, or stays away from the polls, which helps nothing. We recommend this book to Illinoians as a convincing picture of the political quagmire from which they, in common with their fellows in many another State, need to be extricated.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Dry Rot of Organized Charity

The Neighborhood in Nation-Building. By Robert A. Woods. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

Social Work in the Light of History. By Stuart Alfred Queen. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Education and Training for Social Work. By James H. Tufts. New York. Russell Sage Foundation.

FROM the day when charity ceased to be the expression of personal friendliness and became organized and scientific, an incurable dry rot seems to have attacked most of its professional practitioners. The whole history of modern philanthropy may be regarded, from one point of view, as an effort to escape the ravages of this fell disease, but the germ has not yet been isolated, nor has any specific been hit upon. Charity societies today are uneasily making themselves over into family welfare agencies, and the national organization has become the National Conference of Social Work. Amid much patter about prevention, which has long been the current cant of the craft, there is slowly emerging a conception that if the social worker (accursed term!) is to be anything more than a shuffler of "cases" (s)he must concern h(er)imself with the task of helping build a better social order. But he is a rare performer whose work does not sooner or later eventuate in dust and ashes.

The settlement movement, which most of those outside it are likely to regard as already of chiefly historical interest, was an interesting and valuable revolt against laissez-faire charity. In "The Neighborhood in Nation-Building," one of our settlement veterans gathers together sundry papers written at various times during the past thirty years, representing, on the whole, a safe and sane settlement point of view. Nothing startling and subversive, and nothing hard-boiled or reactionary, mars the placid flow of these pages. Nor have they the throb of life of "Twenty Years at Hull House" or "The House on Henry Street." This book, like the settlement out of whose life it grew, is hospitable, rather than militant or disturbing. Mr. Woods believes that the young sap flows vigorously up the trunk of the settlement tree. Perhaps so.

Professor Queen's book is an attempt to put social work into proper historical perspective. It contains the material of the usual university course on the history of charity, but, in presenting that material, the author first describes the existing situation, and then, resolutely facing forward, takes four successive leaps backward to the medieval manor, running forward a few steps after each backward jump. This concession to modern methods of writing history leaves some old-fashioned readers with a feeling as though they had been playing leapfrog blindfold. But such readers should have been dead long since.

Professor Tufts' thoughtful study of schools for the teacher of social workers is more than its name implies. It is a sober and restrained plea for a throwing off of the shackles laid on the social worker by his "charitable" origin, and for a bold conception of his function in terms of social engineering, not ambulance work. It examines the conditions that must be met if social work is to become a real and worthy profession, makes clear the difference between "training" for a routine job and "education" for genuine serviceableness in large tasks of social construction, points out the dangerous tendency of existing schools to conceive their task in the former terms, and rightly indicates that the latter should be their real aim. The work is an informing study and criticism of existing educational

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machinery and methods in a special field, and is full of sound and valuable suggestions, by which teachers in that field will profit; for they have not yet attained, let us hope, to that perfection of arrogant and pedantic rigidity which characterizes most of us in everyday college and university education.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Heroic Statesman

Financial Policy of Czechoslovakia during the First Years of its History. By Dr. Alois Rasin. Publication of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Oxford University Press: American Branch. $2.50.

THE characteristics of the book of Alois Rasin, former Minister of Finance for Czechoslovakia, can be summarized in the paradoxical phrase, an exciting economical treatise by a financial hero. To describe an economical book as exciting is at least as strange as to call a minister of finance a hero. However, if there be need for the justification of this queer conjunction of words it is already furnished by the lamentable death of the great finance minister. Alois Rasin died a few months ago in consequence of a fatal wound he had received from the hand of a former employee of the Czechoslovak state whose job fell victim to the radical currency-curing campaign that Dr. Rasin had initiated and carried on until his assassination.

Rasin knew that he challenged death itself with the cold figures that he gives us in his book and which he had submitted to the Prague Parliament to prove that there was only one means to avoid a catastrophe similar to that which had befallen the neighboring states of Czechoslovakia and that this was the adoption of the money-deflating method advocated by him. But Alois Rasin defied the threats of death, nay, death itself, and so he gave an illuminating example that there is such a thing as "financial heroism." Rasin saw his way clear, he had an unbounded confidence in his figures, and he achieved what he wanted. The consequence is that today Czechoslovakia is a country—the only country in Central and Eastern Europe—which has a sound currency.

The summary which the martyred finance minister of Czechoslovakia gives us of his struggles for the economical rehabilitation of the Czechoslovak Republic is, when least is said, exciting. Not that Rasin wanted to be dramatical. Directly he is not concerned with anything else but figures, statistical data, and other cold material, which, under ordinary circumstances, are least likely to appeal to the imagination. But under these figures misery and prosperity are struggling, capital and labor are crossing their sabres. If the inflation, on an Austrian scale, wins in Czechoslovakia, general misery will follow in its trail, but if deflation has the supremacy, although intermittent crises may follow, prosperity is due to come in the long run. In most of the Central and Eastern European countries capital found a faithful servant in inflation. It is still considered the most valuable help to beat foreign competition. As Rasin explains it, in the hey-day of inflation wages cannot keep pace with the devaluation of currency, whereas the export prices are kept on the level of the world market. Deflation, on the other hand, means in Czechoslovakia that the prices decrease while the wages follow only slowly the general trend of the money market. All her neighbor countries are menaced in their existence by the onrushing waves of the devastating flood of inflation, while Czechoslovakia sits already on a safe island, still gasping, weak and uncertain about the future, but, at all events, saved.

There is no sorcery in the method Rasin employed to achieve this end. He describes it with simple words which only a man can find who is very sure of what he did. He relates how he had ordered the stamping of the paper money on the territory of the Czechoslovak Republic in order to isolate it from the doomed currency of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. He emphasizes the beneficial effect of the 50 per cent forced loan levied, simultaneously with the stamping, on the fortune of everybody residing within the boundaries of the republic, with the exception of the poorest wage earners. Then came, as auxiliaries in the work of reconstruction, an international currency loan and popular subscription to the gold reserve. By this means Czechoslovakia succeeded, as the first and, so far, the only state among the continental ex-belligerent nations, in stopping her money printing press. This meant, at the same time, that a halt was called to the further devaluation of the Czechoslovak currency. A substantial property tax, a foreign loan, partial cessation of the state victualling, and dismissal of the superfluous state employees did the rest.

EMIL LENGYEL

The Sacred Shades

The World's Great Religious Poetry. Compiled by Caroline Miles Hill. The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

RELIGION may be defined as sight and service to superhuman power deemed entitled to them. There are vast extrahuman powers, which have always claimed more sight and more service: love, battle, truth, even tongue-tied Nature. These have had from the first their share of singing. Religion was a later child: animals throb to these four, before they hypothecate religious explanations. Religion had to come, as weak man's invocation of imagined strength to aid his veritable weakness; as the fumbling brain's answer to the simple puzzles of what are death and the things moving in darkness, and the vaster problems of what is a bud and why is a leaf. The fog lifts slowly, the sun is too dazzling for weak eyes; hence gods were raised, like umbrellas, to shade the glare of truth. All that man knew or thought he sung: for he has a singing heart; and thus poetry opened its lips to sing of Jah and Bel, of Thor and Sin and Thoth.

What would religion be without the poets? For religion is the crystallization of some poet's vision and fantasy. Much of the Old Testament is named poetry; and what of the rest is of the superhuman grew in a poet's brooding. There was poetry burning in the carpenter of Nazareth, in Gotama, in all man-gods who have walked the way of dust. Zeus and his Olympian cabinet were engendered, and brought to birth and a wild maturity, by Homer, Hesiod, the odists, the great tragic trio. Jah and El were altered, combined, and smoothed into a genial universal god by golden-tongued David and the thunder-throated Hebrew prophets; the Vedic bards, the singers of the Niebelungenlied, the austere chanters of sagas, great lonely men like Dante, Milton, Nietzsche, have dropped or reared man's deities. And fearful later verse, treading the broad valley road instead of the harsh unbroken slopes toward the summit, has elaborated and diluted these early gods; has made them drag many a rickety cart and cause.

All of this appears in this comprehensive and excellent anthology. Its authority is assured through its editorship by one Ph.D., and its foreword by another. Here is the authentic song of the soul still on the valley road—The Hound of Heaven, The Falconer of God, Saul, Passage to India, The Donkey, In No Strange Land; here are sardonic side-blows at the easy lore—Caliban Upon Setebos, The Sons of Martha, To a Contemporary Bunkshooter; here is some essay at the harsher steeps. There is a comforting choir of remembered hymns, good to read again. There is enough information about the next stages of the journey to make this book a road-guide to Paradise, if only the topographers ever agreed upon a single landmark or skymark. But they do not. Babel crumbled once, and may again.

Much of the material is soggy; but that was to have been expected. There is enough with wings to let the volume hover, if not soar. In its immense catholicity most things of value have managed to creep in. Here is the culm pile: pick out your own glistering dark coal.

Those whose concern stops with religion may not reflect that they feed and are watered of the long crystallization of man's ancient ideals. If they would have, not the ideals of men dead, but of man living, let them read the poetry of today. Some of

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it is here. This assumes that man's vision has not waned with Israel and dulled with Greece; and this we hold. If the reverse is true, then religion is all sufficing. For it is the city below the clouds, wavering across the level desert; and the sight of dead eyes is all that is needed by men already dead.

CLEMENT WOOD

The Partition of Africa

The Partition and Colonization of Africa. By Charles Lucas. The Oxford University Press, American Branch. $4.20.

IN this age of rapidly increasing knowledge brief summaries of extensive areas of information are in great demand; and this little book of Sir Charles Lucas will be found to be a valuable compendium of useful information on the subject of the European penetration of Africa. It sketches the history of racial contacts from classical times to the present period of mandates, and presents briefly every one of the problems to which these contacts have given rise.

The slave trade and its attendant horrors, and the mitigation of these by the efforts of good men in England and elsewhere; the abolition of the traffic in slaves and the rise of colonial exploitation of African peoples in their homelands which immediately took its place; the international scramble for choice sections of African territory; the wars, diplomatic and military, which the nations of Europe waged with each other in consequence; the horrors of the Congo, and the various campaigns in Africa from the times of Henry the Navigator to those of General Smuts—all these are set forth in admirable compression.

But the story is told exclusively from one side—the side of the European who administers Africa for the African's good. One misses the broad humanitarianism of Morel, Olivier, and De Brazza or the warm Christian kindliness of Harris and Patton. But such temperings of the spirit may well be out of place in a simple summary prepared by a British administrator to make clear to casual readers the problem of the white man's rule in Africa. Within its limits this book is a correct and competent piece of work, easy to read and easy to remember.

HUBERT HARRISON

Books in Brief

Der Spiegel von der East Side. By Jacob Magidoff. Illustrated by S. Raskin. Published by the Author.

An epitome of these sketches is to be found in Mr. Raskin's accompanying portraits. They are treated intelligently and with some care but there is lacking the talent and divination for revealing emphasis or the courage and humor for caricature. The artist succeeds best with Abraham Cahan; Mr. Magidoff rises above his dull average in the study of Joseph Barondess.

The Woman of the Horizon. By Gilbert Frankau. The Century Company. $2.

If the author had been frank enough to let this novel stand simply as a gay narrative of light amours, smartly and cynically disclosed after the manner of Schnitzler, it could be set down as an adroit and well-modulated performance. With the moral sugar-coating and the quest-of-the-perfect-woman business dragged in, it leaves rather a bad taste. Sometimes an ounce of sincerity is worth a pound of Puritanism.

Little Tom. By V. Tille. Illustrated by O. Stáfl. Prague: B. Kočí. Agents for the United States: The Writers' Publishing Company, New York. $3.

You may turn a skeptical eye, when you are older, on purported photographs of "little folk." But if you are eight or thereabouts you may follow with sympathy the thrilling vicissitudes of Little Tom, literary descendant of sixteenth-century Tom Thumb, as he is thrown first among mortals and then among the ants, rose-bugs, and lady-birds. If the reader misses in this thin volume the imaginative power and charm of Grimm and Andersen, it is doubtless because he has grown too old or because in his day fairy stories turned out "happily ever after." Tom's inability to cope with his environment is too distressingly like the failure of human beings today. The colored illustrations by Mr. Stáfl are fascinating. The half dozen drawings of seed-catalog stolidity are forgotten among a successful majority that for play of imagination, sweep of line, and humor cannot fail to please children of every age. The great number of typographical errors may be due to a dearth of English proof-readers in Czecho-Slovakia.

The Shining Pyramid. By Arthur Machen. Edited by Vincent Starrett. Covici-McGee.

This is a collection of Mr. Machen's earlier tales and sketches and essays which appeared in miscellaneous journals some years ago and are now brought together between book covers for the first time. Being an ardent "Macheniac," Mr. Vincent Starrett feels in duty bound to see to it that nothing Mr. Machen has ever written shall perish. Such stories as The Shining Pyramid and The Lost Club, however, could very well afford to be forgotten. The Priest and the Barber, on the other hand, is a delightful bit of delving into occult bibliography, quite as good as anything Mr. Machen has ever set hand to.

The Hawkeye. By Herbert Quick. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

Like most excursions into the field of historical romance with an American background, Mr. Quick's novel lacks the tang of the soil. When it is heroic, it is too heroic, and when it is commonplace, it has the unrelieved flatness of prairie. When the manly young Iowan wishes to resent the implication that his marrying impulse is nothing but "puppy love," he strikes an attitude and exclaims: "Sir, I cannot permit even you [the girl's father!] to use such an expression when referring to the supreme passion of my life, and to that which, in spite of my unworthiness, this lady has bestowed upon me!" To be sure, the novelist hastens to label this a "high-falutin' speech," but even that doesn't take the curse off.

The Celestial Omnibus. By E. M. Forster. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

If there is any antidote for the sluggish poisons of materialism, it is to be found in such writing as this. The possessor of an alert intelligence and an unerring sense of beauty, Mr. Forster is interested in literature for its quickening values; his work has gaiety and philosophic charm—qualities which give him a kinship with James Stephens. The stories in this volume are away from the pattern of conventional fiction; they tread the pathways of fantasy but always within hail of the highway of truth.

The Scudders. By Irving Bacheller. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Novels which pretend to deal relentlessly with the acrobatic propensities of the modern young girl, juggling a cigarette, a cocktail, a lipstick, and a spicy story all at one and the same time, are beginning to be an opiate on the market. The thing has been done so often, and to so little purpose, that it no longer has any meaning—save possibly to the lady proprietors of circulating libraries at summer resorts. Doubtless they will find a niche for "The Scudders" on their competitive shelves.

Whose Body? By Dorothy L. Sayers. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Here is quite the maddest, jolliest crime story of recent memory. Seldom has a murder been made so delightfully mysterious, and rarely has the gentleman detective been cast in quite so attractive a guise as that of Lord Peter Wimsey, to whom books in first folios and bodies in bathtubs are of equal interest. An absorbing story and a well-written book.

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Music

Battistini

I DID not hear Mattia Battistini until last September. He has steadily refused engagements in the United States, and until September, 1922, I never happened to be in a city of Europe on a day when he was singing there. But, in heaven's good time, my turn did come. One day in Munich, last August, I noticed Battistini's name posted for a concert at the Deutsches Theater the night of the 11th of September.

The audience that gathered the night of that September 11 in the big Deutsches Theater in Munich not only packed the house, but was quite the "smartest" audience that I saw in Munich. Battistini had for many years been a cherished "guest" performer at the Munich Opera in "Rigoletto," "Pagliacci," "La Traviata," and doubtless other operas of his repertory. There could be no doubt of the admiration in which the Münchener held him. Almost from his first number on, insistent voices began clamoring loudly for "Rigoletto" and "Prolog." Eventually he did sing the "Pagliacci" prologue, in the course of a concert whose "encores" drew out a generous program to triple length. He did not, however, "oblige" with either of the jester's monologues from "Rigoletto."

Battistini is an Italian opera singer. His selection of airs and songs, though not exclusively Italian, was true to type. Now, there are people who will have naught of that sort of thing. Those who are more liberal in their musical outlook, and especially those who, in an adverse age, still harbor a taste for *bel canto*, are bound to be worshipers at the shrine of Battistini. The program that evening in Munich was hardly what one might have selected for the hearing of Battistini. There were two opera airs by that very dull composer Franchetti; then the "Nemico della patria" from "Andrea Chenier," which is little suited to concert performance; Iago's "Credo" from "Otello," which loses a great deal of its force when as accompaniment a piano supplants the orchestra; and the lukewarm musings of the doubting hero from "Eugene Onegin," who is a more interesting figure on the opera stage than on the concert platform. The three remaining pieces served far better, for, despite their distinctly operatic texture, they bear hardily the transplanting to the concert field, being the wine song from "Zampa," the Toreador's song from "Carmen," and Figaro's "Largo al factotum" from "The Barber of Seville."

This was the official program; the "encores" (even without "Rigoletto"!) made a second program. They included the famous air of Scindia from "Le Roi de Lahore," Figaro's "Non piu andrai" from "Figaro's Wedding" (the Mozart barber to cap the Rossini), the "Pagliacci" prologue (this as a sop to the shouting), the "Quand' ero paggio al Duca di Norfolk" from "Falstaff," the Don's serenade from "Don Giovanni," Rossini's fleet, quaint tarantella, "Già la luna," and several minor ditties in Italian or in Spanish that I did not identify. Merely as an amateur of singing (quite apart from purely musical considerations), I should have preferred to hear Battistini in more of the *bel canto* airs of the nineteenth-century Italians and in classic airs of earlier centuries—at a concert that he gave recently in London, airs from "William Tell," "La Forza del Destino," and "La Favorita" were on his program, and also the "O, del mio dolce ardor" from Gluck's "Paris and Helen" and Carissimi's "Vittoria, vittoria!"

But Battistini is Battistini, and of the feast that he elected to set before me I partook with the voracity of the famished. Fortunately Battistini's voice has been recorded, and well recorded. Thus, for the generations that will not have heard him in the flesh he possesses an immeasurable advantage over the Linds, the Albonis, the Rubinis, whose voices and vocal manners we perforce must reconstruct to our minds' ears from the pages of chroniclers like Chorley. Still, even a perfect reproduction offers no substitute for the continual slight jeopardy that perfection itself must brook in life, imparting to the perfect its fine and final edge.

The supreme impression of Battistini's voice is its purity. I have heard notes as pure from several voices—Caruso's, Tetrazzini's, Melba's, Bonci's. But with Battistini there are no other notes. I have heard "bigger" baritone voices (as well as burlier); the purity of the Battistini tone would carry it in power to illimitable distances. And in freshness the voice of this old man is as of a youth of twenty. Officially the Battistini voice is a baritone; I have heard it described as a "short tenor." The fact is, the typical Italian baritone of the last seventy-five years is a *mezzo-tenore*, just as the typical German baritone is a bass singing high. The "ancienne voix de baryton" (old Jean Noté, who died the other day, had two and one-half octaves at his command!) seems to survive best in France. But Battistini's *mezzo-tenore* is no stunted tenor, possessed of a remarkable upper octave and nothing below that. It has a real baritone scale, every note secure and sounding.

Of course the Battistini phenomenon would not be possible without the basis of an uncommon physical endowment—the same thing is axiomatic for Patti, Sembrich, Lehmann, Melba, Calvé, Tetrazzini, Caruso, Bonci, Schumann-Heink, and all the other extraordinary and enduring voices. But to that indispensable ground-work must be added a "correct vocal method" (as the pedagogues would say, though never do twain of them agree as to just what may be the C.V.M.!) and an habitual abstention from forcing or otherwise abusing the delicate mechanism of the voice. Anyone who is at all an amateur of singing could not but have been impressed at this Munich concert by Battistini's absolute control of an amazingly long breath. Every note in his extensive scale was perfectly posed and firm, there was no thought of effort, no hint of throat. Every atom of his breath issued as voice; no fog to obscure tone, no jigging saw-teeth to roughen it. On this foundation of controlled breath, as on a sustaining and exactly responsive ocean, floated all the rest. His unerring, flawless attack of a note; his flowing, jointless legato; phrasing that was like live sculpture in its grace and fineness; an ease in the execution of florid ornaments that a Melba or a Tetrazzini has not surpassed; an endless variety of vocal color; all were there, and in an effortlessness that persuaded you for the time that any other manner of singing was inconceivable; that every vocalist, through the mastery of his means, *must* so place the listener in the unhindered presence of the music itself.

Though the age of the living be an odious subject, it is sometimes of an unavoidable pertinence. When the voices of singers outlast the onslaught of the years to a degree that seems phenomenal, as with Patti, Lehmann, and Battistini, the exact date of the singer's birth becomes of an indisputable importance to science. Now, nothing else is quite so untrustworthy as the official birth dates of musical biography. If one were to settle Battistini's by an appeal to authority of that sort, one would have only to look him up in Baker and learn that he was born November 27, 1857. According to a man whom I met in Paris and who professed to have gone to school with Battistini, the date should be set two or three years earlier still. Another man, who comes from Rome and who knows Battistini personally, told me in Munich at the time of this September concert that his real age was then seventy-four. The testimony of the eye that night in the Deutches Theater was not helpful. A big, imposing fellow, Battistini looked anywhere from a thoroughly ripened fifty-five to a well-preserved seventy-five. To the evidence so far offered, and meager enough, I have only one detail to add: On the register of the Munich hotel where he put up (a Munich hotel exacts from its patrons secrets that as a rule are kept inviolable between oneself and one's Maker), Battistini wrote himself down as born on the fifth day of the eighth month of the year of grace 1874. At any rate, he preserved the seventy-four of his Roman friend's allegation.

PITTS SANBORN

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International Relations Section

Japan's Untouchables

By GERTRUDE HAESSLER

"THERE are no classes in Japan." This assertion is made continually by those people whose interest it is to defend the present social and economic system of their country. And yet one may find references any day in the newspapers of Japan to the Eta Class, the Special Class, the Special Community, the Untouchables—all of which terms are used to designate the outcast class of Japan. There may be an obscure item relative to the plans of the Ministry of Home Affairs for the improvement and relief of this large group of people (estimated at 3,000,000), or perhaps a short account of a riot caused at the Y.M.C.A. by a speaker's indiscreet and contemptuous reference to them. But during the last two weeks of March of this year the entire country was stirred by vivid front-page accounts of civil war which had broken out in various parts of the country. The outcasts, touched by the current of universal unrest, had organized, and simultaneously with their growing militant solidarity there developed an equally militant opposition to them.

The Eta (this term is translated as "dirty" or "filthy") were forbidden by law up to the time of Emperor Meiji's liberalizing influence to mingle in any way with the rest of the Japanese people, whether in work, play, marriage, or worship. The law discriminating against them was repealed in 1871, but the prejudice continues. There has been little fundamental improvement in their social condition, and except for isolated charitable and missionary attention they are completely shunned.

Some of the more important discriminations which the former law imposed upon them are given below. Owing to prejudice, these restrictions with a few exceptions are virtually, though not legally, in effect at the present time.

1. *Occupation.* The trades to which the Eta are restricted and which are restricted to them, are as follows: Slaughterers, Tanners, Cobblers, Actors, Executioners. Should a restaurant employ an Eta as a cook, the place might as well close unless it intends catering to Eta people only. The Eta business man, although he may be cultured, intelligent, and well educated, cannot carry on operations outside his own class. Acting has become a respectable profession now, even for women, but the clowns, the acrobats, and what would correspond to the American vaudeville class generally belong to the Eta.

2. *Community activities.* In spite of the fact that the Eta are forced to pay taxes and to submit to conscription for military training and service, they are completely barred from taking part in any community activities. In October, 1922, plans were made in the village of Misho, Osatogun, Saitama Prefecture, to welcome the soldiers returning from service in Siberia. The village officials refused to allow two Eta soldiers to receive this welcome.

3. *Residence.* Although the Eta are no longer obliged to live in houses that have no windows or doors facing the street, they are still restricted to living in isolated communities, due to the fact that house-owners will not rent houses to them except in purely Eta villages or in special districts within large cities. The solidarity that has grown out of this community life in Tokio has come to be regarded as a "definite menace" by the police authorities, particularly since the municipal guardians of the law are afraid to enter these districts. In fact, a systematic campaign has been instituted to scatter the people and prevent them from again coming together. Fires are frequent in any large city of Japan—a fire of from forty to eighty houses is reported in the papers as a "small" fire—and whenever an Eta section, or part of it, burns in Tokio the people are not allowed to return to it when it is rebuilt.

4. *Marriage.* In a few isolated cases where it has occurred a person marrying an Eta, whether man or woman, descended to the social level of the Eta. In the spring of 1922 in a small village in western Japan an Eta expressed his desire to marry a non-Eta woman. He was stoned nearly to death by the other inhabitants, forbidden to return, and the woman was frightened into refusing to have anything more to do with him.

5. *Religion.* Only one of the Buddhist sects, the Shinshu, will admit the Eta for worship.

6. *Freedom of Movement.* The Eta are prevented from entering certain districts, especially the vicinities of royal palaces or the residences of the nobility. While the restriction was legally still in force, an Eta found trespassing on a forbidden area was immediately put to death.

7. *Costume.* Today it is impossible to distinguish an Eta from the rest of the population by any outward signs. Before the law was repealed, the Eta marked their social caste on their clothing, the women were not allowed to wear the obi (sash), and the men were forced to tie their hair with two strings instead of with one.

Also in the daily routine of the lives of the Eta flagrant cases of prejudice arise. In Nara Prefecture they are industrially well organized and have won reasonable working hours. As a result, they are through with work before the unorganized non-Eta are and can get into the bath-houses for their daily baths before the others. In August, 1922, in a small village in Nara, the unorganized workers demanded that they be allowed to bathe and fully vacate the bath-houses before their social inferiors be permitted to enter. Some of the bath-house owners attempted to carry out this discrimination, and it was only after the Eta instituted a rigorous system of boycott against those bath-houses, resulting in financial loss to the owners, that the original system was restored. There is nothing to prevent the non-Eta from frequenting the bath-houses while the Eta are using them (in Japan all ages and sexes bathe together) except the ancient social prejudice.

The Imperial Government is trying to improve the condition of these people, but the Eta resent anything smacking of charity or paternalism, and insist on a fundamental change of attitude toward themselves. This hostile feeling was deepened after the stamping out of the rice riots of 1918. When the trouble died down, the Government, thoroughly alarmed at the strength of this mass demonstration, appropriated ten thousand yen (about $5,000) for building schools among the Eta to teach them sanitation, etc. They refused to attend the classes. They had been so utterly ignored in the past that only a basic change in their status would satisfy them. Since that year, larger and larger sums have been appropriated for the relief and improvement of the Eta Class, and the 1922 budget contained a grant of over a million yen to the Department of Home Affairs for this purpose. The reason for these ever-increasing appropria-

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tions is the menace of the growing solidarity of these people, who have finally united themselves into a strong, nation-wide organization.

As a first step in organization a national convention of the Eta was held in Kioto on March 3, 1922. At that time the declaration given below, addressed to all the Eta people, was formulated by the 2,500 delegates present:

DECLARATION

People of the Special Communities throughout the country, unite!

Brothers and sisters, who have long been oppressed, you know that the failure of all the reformative undertakings attempted by many men for the last half century should be taken as due punishment for the defilement of humanity by us and others, and that all the philanthropic movements hitherto undertaken among us have further degraded us. Then, it is but natural that there should appear an organized movement which endeavors to emancipate us by our own deeds of self-respect.

Brethren, our ancestors were believers in liberty and equality. They were the victims of a class rule. They were the exploited of an industrial system. They were skinned in recompense for their work of skinning animals; their hearts were ripped out as a fee for their work in the slaughter houses; and then they were spat at and were laughed at. Yet, even through this long cold night of cursed dreams, the fine human blood has kept its flow, and now we, who have been born of this blood, have come to live in an age when men may turn into gods. The time has come when the oppressor shall be vanquished, and the victim with the crown of thorns shall be blessed.

The time has come when we may be proud of being the Eta!

We must not, therefore, insult our forefathers or defile humanity any longer by our cowardly deeds or words; but we, who know well enough how cold the world is and how useless charity is, should now aspire for the real light and heat of life.

The Suihei-sha has come to exist thus.

Let there be heat and light!

Translated, the name of their organization, Suihei-sha, is Water Level Association, but it is also called Leveling-Up Association or Leveling-Down Association. Historic old Kioto was made their headquarters—the place where the bourgeois revolution of 1868, which swept Meiji into power, was inaugurated. Comprehensive plans for organizing were laid, the date set for the second convention one year later, and the following program adopted:

PROGRAM

1. The Special Community people shall achieve their liberation through their own acts.
2. We, the people of the Special Community, demand full liberty to choose occupations as well as complete economic freedom, and are determined to obtain them.
3. We, who now understand the laws of life, shall march to the final goal of human perfection.

All during the year intervening between the two conventions organizers conducted a strenuous campaign for members, and the movement grew quickly and spontaneously. The leaders of the association, unable to organize the movement without experienced help, appealed to outsiders to assist them. It is significant that they did not go to the missionary or charitable institutions which had previously attempted social-welfare work among them; they turned in all trust to the radicals of the country—particularly the communists and the anarchists—who make no distinction between Eta and others. This accounts for the strong revolutionary trend of their appeal, which was sent out shortly before the second convention.

APPEAL

Comrades:

Proletarians of the whole world, oppressed and exploited by the capitalists of Europe, of America, and of Japan, all the oppressed nationalities under the yoke of capitalistic imperialism, we appeal to you!

We, the Eta people in the Far Eastern corner of the earth, who have been oppressed and insulted for a thousand years past, appeal to you, who are fighting valiantly the final class war with bloodthirsty capitalism!

We, the Eta, are the Jews of Japan, and if there is any difference in social position between the real Jew and us, ours is in all probability worse. We are the remnants of the ancient slave system in Japan. We have been totally deprived of the liberty to choose occupations, but are forced to slaughter animals, to tan skins, to mend clogs, and no more. We have had no human rights. What we have received from society in general is but mockery. Thus our forefathers lived in dark resignation with unquenchable curses. No wonder, then, that when many attempts to save us failed, these age-long curses and desperation crystallized into our vehement revolutionary movement of today. The rise of the Suihei-sha, through which we intend to liberate ourselves by our own efforts, is the outcome.

The Suihei-sha, standing amid three millions of the so-called Special Community people, issued the following declaration and program at its first convention held March 3, 1922.

[Here appeared the declaration and program given above.]

During the ten months following our first convention our movement has spread throughout the country with amazing rapidity, and everywhere men and women, young and old, of the Special Communities have been joining us with great enthusiasm.

We are determined to fight all obstacles in the way of our emancipation. Our movement depends upon the blood of the oppressed, who have survived under the heavy trampling of the ruling classes. It is a fight to take back the human rights of which we have been robbed. And we go into the thickest of the battle willingly, for we know our emancipation is near.

Comrades and friends, you must know what an important part we, the Eta, played in the rice riots of 1918. With the power of organization, which we have now, we want to march on side by side with you in our common battlefront of the World Revolution. We want to hear from you in time for our second national convention, which will take place on the coming 3d of March. A word from you will certainly add fire and force to our movement.

Remember, comrades, that there are three million of us in Japan who are fighting today the same battle that you are, and who are wishing you with true comradely feeling a glorious victory!

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE SUIHEI-SHA LEAGUE
CHAIRMAN OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

The second convention was held March 2 and 3, 1923, at Kioto, the attendance being variously estimated between 4,000 and 10,000. The following fifteen demands are typical and of most importance:

1. Non-discrimination in schools.
2. Non-discrimination in the army.
3. Non-acceptance of charity funds, including government funds.
4. Direct action until laws are made and enforced to prevent discrimination.
5. Training fighters for direct action.
6. Organization of unions in industry.
7. Organization of farmers' unions.
8. Complete freedom within Honganji, the temple of the Shinshu.
9. Refusal to support the Honganji.

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10. Kokui-domei (Black Robe Union), a movement to democratize Honganji. (The color of a priest's robe denotes his rank, the black representing the lowest. The Eta want only the black.)
11. Provisions for propaganda and organizing of the Suihei-sha.
12. Organization of a national woman's section of the Suihei-sha.
13. Organization of a national youth's section of the Suihei-sha.
14. Establishment of a library—Kioto as headquarters.
15. Weekly and monthly organs. (At the time of writing a monthly was already in existence.)

The situation arising from the new power of the Eta and their use of direct action have brought the issue continually before the public. High officials have declared that discrimination against them must cease. Heads of departments, who up to this time have ignored appeals and petitions from the Eta, have issued similar orders. One Prefectural Governor has even gone so far as to announce that the civil service in his territory is to be thrown open to the Eta. The Diet has discussed the problem, not from the angle of relief and improvement, but of non-discrimination and justice.

Within the past year the Eta movement has rapidly changed from a blind, unorganized, negative struggle against all the other Japanese people to a well-directed, positive, constructive movement for equality of opportunity, justice, and freedom. It is significant to note that this change in the fundamental character of the struggle resulted in the withdrawal of the support of most of the rich and socially powerful among the Eta, and new leaders, more in accord with modern economic thought and practice, are now shaping the policies.

"Dangerous Thoughts" in Japan

THE plot which was at first reported in some papers, and possibly suspected by the police, to include in its program nothing less than the assassination of the ministers of state and other leading officials and the establishment of a ——— (presumably communist) government on a certain important occasion in the coming autumn (the only important occasions known being the Imperial wedding and the army maneuvers), seems to have resolved itself into a suspicion of the existence of a secret society on communist lines, according to the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* of June 14. It is said that the police authorities have to thank the Juo Club, a reactionary society of Waseda students, for a clue to the "crime." In the course of the recent trouble between the militarist and anti-militarist groups of students in Waseda University [described in *The Nation* in its issue of July 11] the members of the said club dragged into the club building the anti-militarist leaders, from whom they extorted, by what means we do not know, a confession as to the particulars of the (anti-militarist) Culture League, their opponents, and also the doings of Professor Sano and three other Waseda professors.

A noteworthy feature in the present scare is that the press, far from taking sides with the police, rather deprecates the action taken by the authorities. And instead of regarding persons accused as convicted criminals and mentioning their names with "Mr's," as usual, their names are mentioned—in some papers at least—with *Kun* (which is a more friendly prefix than "Mr.").

Commenting on the affair, the *Yomiuri* (a liberal organ) says:

It is not yet known on what data and from what motives the extensive arrest of socialists of the 5th instant was undertaken. It is supposed in some quarters that the action was taken by way of a diversion against the intended Russo-Japanese negotiations, while in other quarters it is believed to indicate preparations for resuscitating the Dangerous Thoughts Control Bill. Another guess will have it that it is an act of revenge on the part of the military clique for the failure of the Military Affairs Study Corps in Waseda University. Be that as it may, it is certain that, despite the great fuss made by the Metropolitan Police and the Procurators' Office, the affair is a case of a mouse being born of the mountain in travail. It is one of those comedies which are often played by cowards who are apt to take a miscarthus for a ghost and to be frightened by the noise made by waterfowl taking wing as if it was the sound of a large army of men and horse advancing to attack. It would be rather amusing in its way if it were not for the trouble in which their victims are involved. There is nothing to prevent those responsible for criminal searches and prosecution from summoning or proceeding to search the dwellings of persons suspected, even though there is no indisputable proof of guilt against them. But there ought to be some remedy for the damage sustained by them when on investigation it is ascertained that the suspicions are entirely unfounded. Otherwise the authorities will be easily tempted to arrest persons and retain them in confinement on suspicion, but really in the interest of so-called high politics.

Police Afraid of Bullies

The *Kokumin* (a liberal-imperialist organ) thinks that the arrest of socialists on the present occasion is an aftermath of the recent fracas concerning the Military Affairs Study Corps at Waseda University. They seem to have inquisitioned, it says, those who disturbed the inauguration ceremony of the corps and discovered some fact that is calculated to incriminate them (and their friends) in some way or other. In connection with the same trouble in Waseda, however, violence was committed by some people. There are also other people who trade in violence at large. But none of them has been arrested. The fact is that the police cannot touch those who possess brute force. It is only those whose only resource is speech that they arrest. They presumably believe that brute force is not dangerous but speech is. The [Japanese] army attempted to crush socialist Russia, but in vain. Does the Government mean to press down upon the socialists at home to console itself for its failure in Russia, now that it is going to enter into negotiations with Russia? Whatever may be said against socialism, which is of many kinds, it is certain that it is worth studying. But at present, socialism seems to be tabooed, even in its study. There is no longer anything like freedom of speech. It is safer to shut one's mouth and join the gangs of bullies.

Alarming Changes

The Tokio *Asahi* (an independent organ) says:

That social unrest is much pronounced in modern Japan is a fact that must be admitted even by persons who boast of the peculiar beauties of the national constitution and those who lay much stress on the good manners and customs by which the people are characterized and on the paternal benevolence of Japanese capitalists. It is undeniable that, thanks to the artifices of the bureaucratic Maiji Government, the young students have lost their interest in politics, so that social problems rather than politics have become the center of their discussions. It is further a fact that in the army there has been a considerable change in morale since the expedition to Siberia. It is also a fact that the labor associations are now represented by people inclined to the Left so that the majority of industrial workers

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cannot go with them owing to the pressure imposed by the authorities, and the organized labor movement is superficially on the decline. Agricultural labor has been awakened to fighting, in consequence of a series of tenant farmers' troubles. The "water-level movement" has grown in the course of one short year to be the most determined of Japan's social movements. In Formosa and Korea, there are apparent and hidden movements going on. The country has stirring times ahead. Now, the students, the army, and labor are too numerous a body for police control. According to the present method of control, it would be necessary to shut up the whole of society in a metal cage under police surveillance, but such a method is not preventive but must produce results opposite to those which it is intended to bring about.

People Who Have No Voice

Nor should it be forgotten that in this country there are many people who cannot lawfully give expression to their political views. The Business Men's Association is canvassing to have representatives elected who are to represent commercial and industrial interests. The landowners under the usurped name of "farmers" are also trying to have representatives of their own. While the existing parties claim that they represent the interests of farmers, merchants, and manufacturers, they really do not represent more than the capitalist classes. And while the suffrage is limited to people who pay a certain amount of direct national tax, a large number of citizens are denied the right to have themselves represented, though they bear a considerable burden of indirect national taxes, and shed blood and sweat in the military service and industry. They have, in short, no political voice, and if they set forth their views in writing lest measures of government should be decided by the bargainings among sections of the propertied class, there are the Publication Law and Press Law to check them, while there is the Peace Police Law to control them if they want to discuss the matter verbally in meetings and associations. In these circumstances, mere police control will be of little effect in relieving the dangerous tension of the public mind. The subjugation of the socialists may be necessary, but it should be set about on rational lines. But what is more important still is to extend the suffrage and adopt urgent measures without further delay in order to sweep away the popular impression that the government is being run in the interests of a limited group.

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